



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 06825432 9

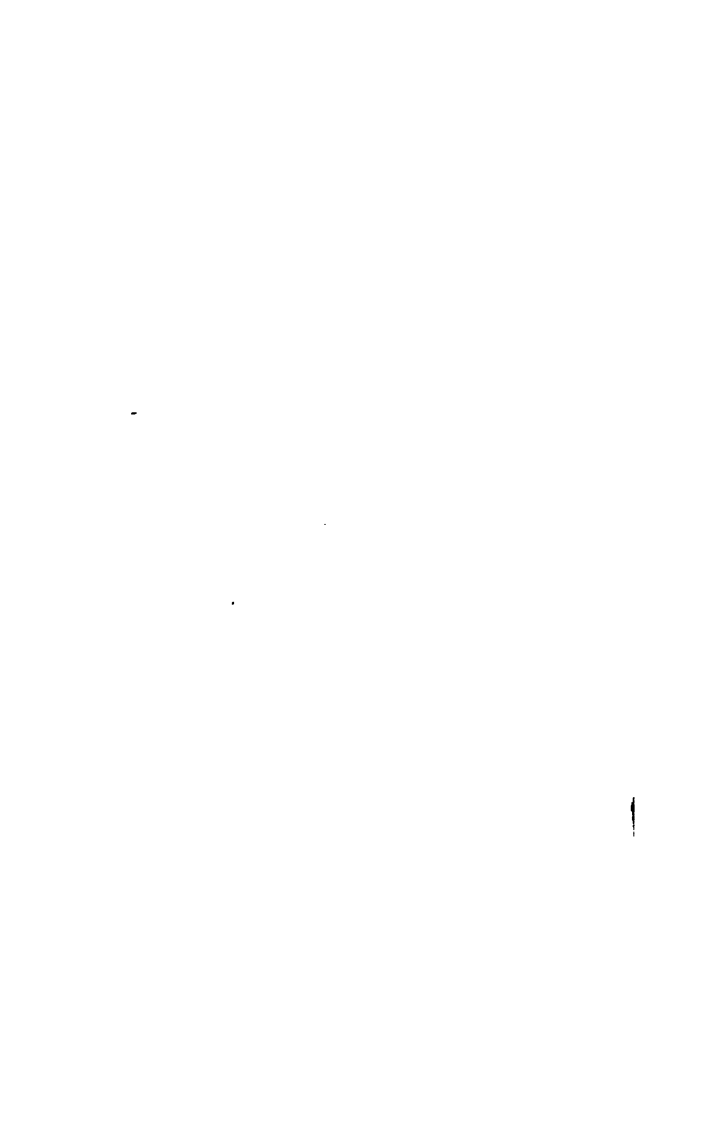
39  
THE  
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

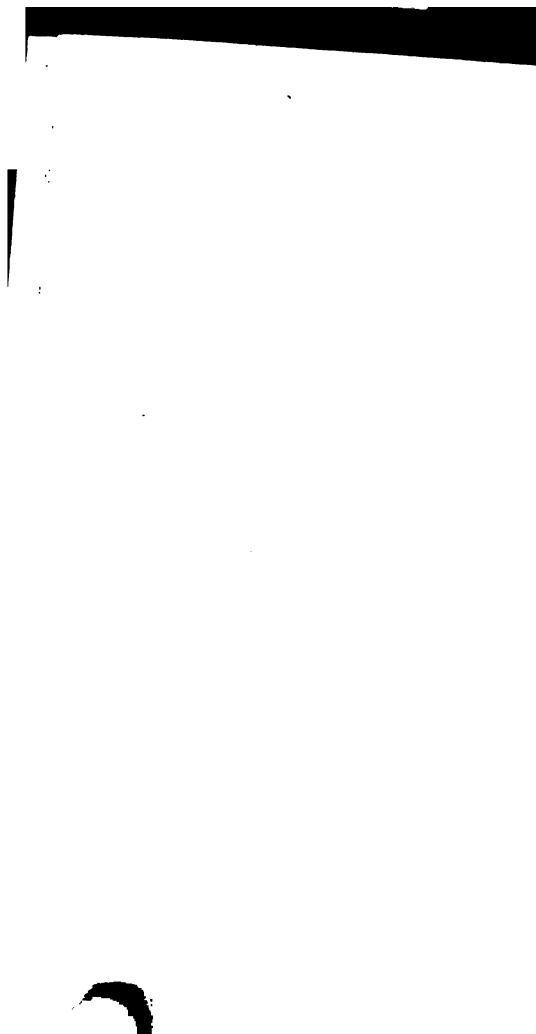
\* \* \*

Purchased from the  
Hanford Fund



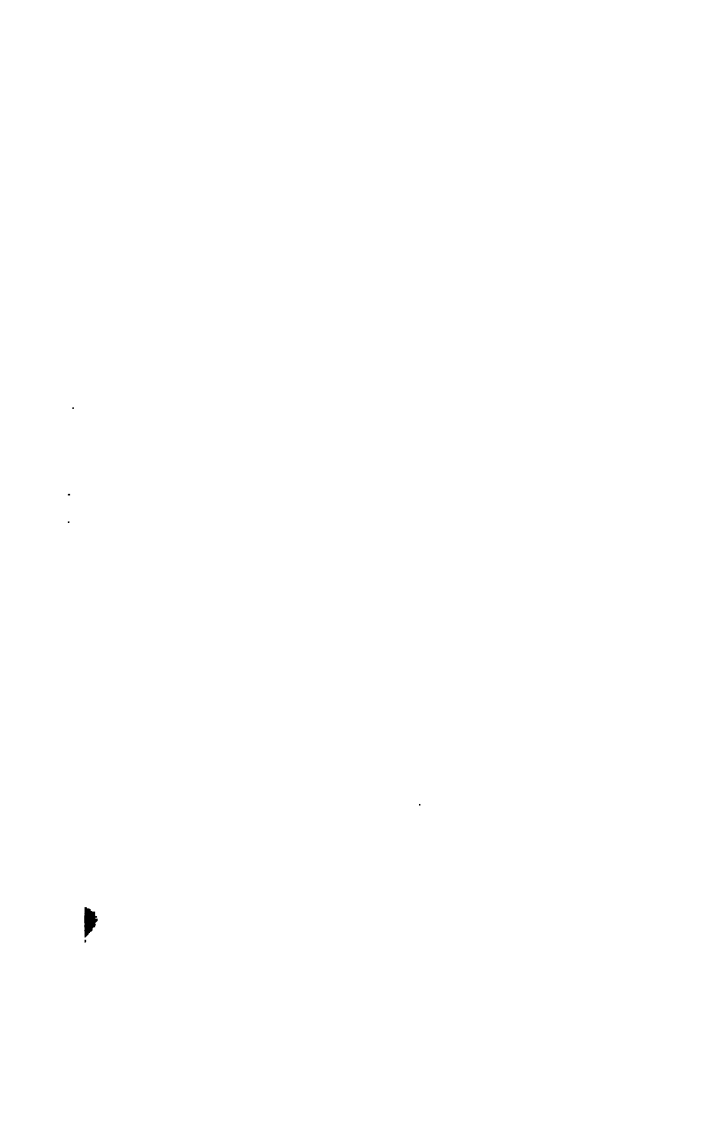






Robert L. Hill





Robert S. Hill



THE  
AMERICAN SEAMAN'S  
**HYMN BOOK;**

OR,

A COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS,

FOR THE USE OF

**MARINERS.**



"Sing unto the Lord a new song, ye that go down to the sea."  
*Isaiah xlii. 10.*



SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

By NOAH DAVIS.



NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPOSITORY,  
59 *Fulton-street.*

John Gray & Co. Printers.

1826.

## **RECOMMENDATION.**

---

After a careful examination of Mr. DAVIS's collection of Hymns for the use of Mariners, we have no hesitancy in recommending them as being judiciously selected and arranged, and as being superior to any collection of the kind that we have seen, and altogether worthy of being introduced into the churches for the benefit of seamen. Such a collection has been long wanted, and we believe the "Seaman's Hymn Book" admirably adapted to the object for which it is designed.

New-York, Aug. 28d, 1825.

**JOHN TRUAIR,**

Preacher of the Mariners' Church.

**SPENCER H. CONE,**

Pastor of the Baptist Church in Oliver-street.

**THOMAS McAULEY,**

Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Rutgers-street.

# SEAMAN'S HYMN BOOK.



## 1. L. M. O——.

All's well, or, *The Lord hath dealt graciously with me.*  
Gen. xxxiii. 11.

- 1 The gracious dealings of the Lord  
Fill up the volumes of his word;  
And every new-born soul can tell,  
Jehovah has done all things well.
- 2 Thy love is free, immensely great;  
Thy blessings full, divinely sweet!  
Thy kind protection and thy care,  
Encourage hope and ardent pray'r.
- 3 Thy visits do my soul enflame,  
Thy sovereign love abides the same;  
Thy purposes are fix'd and sure,  
And trials make my heart more pure.
- 4 In all that ever has befell,  
I still acknowledge *all is well*:  
Gracious thy dealings, free thy love,  
I pant to soar and praise above.
- 5 There shall I feel thy cheering rays,  
There glow with warm seraphic praise;  
There join the num'rous blood-bought throng  
And ——— 'll be my endless song.

**2. C. M. Rippon's Selec.**

*The great question answered. Acts ix. 6.*

- 1 **IS** there in heav'n or earth, who can  
A wretched mortal save?  
Make a poor lep'rous sinner clean?  
Redeem a helpless slave?
  - 2 **Who** can appease an angry God?  
Relieve a burden'd mind?  
In whom a soul o'erwhelm'd with guilt  
May ease and safety find?
  - 3 **Yes!** there is one, who dwells on high  
That can do this and more;  
A being of unbounded love  
And uncontrolled power;
  - 4 **Immanuel** is his name; who once,  
Upon th' accursed tree,  
Bore the vast weight of all their sins  
Who, burden'd, to him flee.
  - 5 **But** now he lives—he ever lives,  
And pleads what he hath done:  
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgiv  
Through his atoning Son.
  - 6 **Jesus!** I to thy feet repair,  
And there will prostrate lie;  
Be thou propitious to my prayer,  
*And I shall never die.*
-

**3. C. M. Newton.***The Effort.*

- 1 **APPROACH**, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where **JESUS** answers pray'r ;  
There humbly fall before his feet.  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest ;  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place !  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame ;  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still.  
My promis'd grace receive ;"  
'Tis **JESUS** speaks—I must—I will.  
I can, I do believe.



## 4. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

*Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer, in Christ.*

1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

- 1 The deluge at th' Almighty's call,  
In what impetuous streams it fell!  
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,  
And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride  
Fled from the close pursuing wave,  
Nor could their mightiest tow'r defend,  
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!  
How shrill the universal cry  
Of millions in the last despair,  
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!
- 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint!  
Surrounded by a chosen few,  
Sat in his ark secure from fear,  
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.
- 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,  
When storms of vengeance round me fall;  
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,  
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,  
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;  
Then the wide flood which buries earth,  
*Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.*

- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;  
 There not a wave of trouble rolls ;  
 But the bright rainbow round the throne  
 Seals endless life to all their souls.

**5.** C. M. Dr. Doddridge. *Altered.*

*Asking the way to Zion.* Jer. l. 5,

- 1 INQUIRE, ye seamen, for the course  
 That leads to Zion's hill,  
 And thither set your steady face  
 With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite your shipmates all around,  
 The pious march to join,  
 And spread the sentiments you feel  
 Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come and to his temple haste,  
 And seek his favour there,  
 Before his footstool humbly bow,  
 And pour your ardent pray'r.
- 4 O come and join your souls to God  
 In everlasting bands ;  
 Accept the blessings he bestows  
 With thankful hearts and hands.

**6.** 7s. Newton. *Altered.*

*Ask what I shall give thee.* 1 Kings iii. 5.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare.  
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r :

- He himself has bid you pray,  
Therefore will not tell thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a king,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For his grace and pow'r are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove this load of sin!  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy blood-bought right maintai  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass  
Answers the beholder's face;  
Thus unto my heart appear,  
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While my course to heav'n I steer,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew.

**7.** C. M. New Selec.

*The backslider returning.*

- 1 O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,  
To leave my Jesus so!

And now without his smiles I lie,  
And know not where to go.

- 2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face :—  
Who could have thought—*so soon*  
I should go mourning in distress!  
My comforts all be gone !
- 3 Not all the glories of this earth  
Can do me any good;  
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,  
And groans to find my God.
- 4 Might I but see his face again,  
I'd tell him all my wo,  
And own how guilty I have been  
To leave my Jesus so.
- 5 Then I would clasp him in my arms,  
And he should have my heart;  
And earth, with all her treach'rous charms,  
For ever should depart.

**8.** 7s. Lond. S. Mag.

*For the Bethel Seamen's Union.* John xvii. 21.

- 1 LO! what wonders love performs,  
All to ransom guilty worms.  
God the Father and the Son,  
To redeem our souls are *One* :  
On the cross the work was done,  
*Come and welcome, Sailor, come !*

- 2 Join'd to make redemption known,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, *One* ;  
 All unite to open Heav'n—  
 Shout my soul ! thy sins forgiv'n :  
 Glorious *Union* ! we are *One* :  
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come !
- 3 Sinking 'neath the mighty curse,  
 " May they all be one in us !"  
 Thus th' expiring Saviour pray'd,  
 Grace, rich grace, behold display'd.  
 Sinners now in Christ are *One* ;  
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come !
- 4 Hail, blessed Union ! Seamen, hail !  
 Under Calv'ry's standard sail ;  
 Sweetly press all hands at sea ;  
 May they all embark with thee !  
 Christ and his Redeem'd are *One* ;  
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come !
- 5 " What ! may such a wretch as I,  
 Tempest toss'd, afraid to die,  
 Join with you and sail to heav'n ?"  
 Brother, come ; thy sin's forgiv'n.  
 On the cross the work was done ;  
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come !

## 9. 11s.

*The Bible.* Mrs. C. M. Thayer.

- 1 THOU spring of my joy, and delight  
 heart,  
 Thy truth-written pages a comfort impar

That calms the wild tumult of grief in my breast,  
And points my sad soul to the haven of rest.

2 When grieved and afflicted, in thee I can trace  
The heart-cheering promise of covenant grace ;  
And read with delight each encouraging line,  
And calmly rely on the promise divine.

3 Though all my gay vistas of pleasure decay,  
And fade like a vision of fancy away ;  
Though around me the shades of affliction may  
roll,  
The light of the Word still illumines my soul.

4 That Word like a river of pleasure shall flow,  
To gladden my path while a pilgrim below ;  
And when the dark shadows of death hover  
nigh,  
Shall point to a sabbath of peace in the sky.

5 Then still let me treasure thy truths in my  
heart,  
Nor e'er from the path thou hast taught me,  
depart ;  
Thy pure revelations with rev'rence attend,  
And hail thee my comfort, my guide, and my  
friend.

10, 11. AMERICAN SEAMAN'S

**10.** L. M. Ap. Rippon's Selec.

*The word of the Lord.*

- 1 FAIR record of my Father's will,  
Companion of the anguish'd mind,  
Oft hast thou been my lamp, and still  
Comfort and light from thee I find.
- 2 While on my thirsty soul descend  
The ev'ning dews and morning rains ;  
Roots shall like Lebanon extend,  
And corn and lilies charm the plains.
- 3 Possessions, spoils, or gold refin'd,  
The luscious honey's dropping cells,  
Give no such treasures to the mind ;  
In them no equal sweetness dwells.
- 4 From thee my quiver let me fill,  
Or bear thee as my conqu'ring sword ;  
Fainting I stoop to drink thy rill,  
And vigorous rise to bless my Lord.
- 5 With thee the rough path I'll pursue,  
My faithful chart, my staff, my rod ;  
My glass, through which all heav'n I view  
Till, loos'd from earth, I rise to God.

**11.** C. M. Steele.

*Excellency of the Bible.* Ps. cxix. 97.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !

For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines !

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a sweet repast ;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

**12.** 8. 7. Dr. Collyer.

*Love of the Bible.*

- 1 BY the thoughtless world derided,  
Still I love the word of God ;  
'Tis a chart by which I'm guided,  
Often 'tis a chastening rod ;  
'Tis a sword that cuts asunder  
All my pride and vanity



When abas'd I lie and wonder  
That he spares a wretch like me.

2 This confirms me when I waver,  
Sets my trembling judgment right,  
When I stray, how much soever,  
This is my restoring light :  
Satan oft and sin assail me,  
With temptations ever new ;  
Then, O nothing can avail me,  
'Till my bleeding Lord I view.

3 Faith I need, O Lord bestow it,  
Give my lab'ring mind relief ;  
Oft alas ! I doubt, I know it,  
Help, O help my unbelief ;  
Dearest Saviour, by thy merit  
May I gain a future crown ;  
Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,  
'Till these storms are overblown.

**13.** L. M. Watts. *Altered.*

*The almost Christian.*

1 BROAD is the stream that leads to death,  
And many sail together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrower strait,  
With here and there a mariner.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
*Is the Redeemer's great command ;*

Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,  
And steers the heavenly course no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new ;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

#### 14. C. M. Newton.

*The Lord's call to his children.* 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

- 1 Let us adore the grace that seeks  
To draw our hearts above !  
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,  
And every word is love.
- 2 Tho' fill'd with awe, before his throne  
Each angel veils his face ;  
He claims a people for his own  
Amongst our sinful race.
- 3 " Come forth (he says) no more pursue  
The path that leads to death ;  
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,  
Look, and be sav'd by faith.
- 4 " *My sons and daughters you shall be,*  
*Thro' the atoning blood ;*

**17.** 8. 8. 6. Anon.*Jesus All in All.*

- 1 COME, holy dove, direct my tongue,  
And raise, O raise my feeble song,  
Above this earthly ball;  
High let my notes of triumph swell,  
And lofty lays thy goodness tell,  
My Jesus and my all!
- 2 Away, ye bards!—whose lewder strains,  
To paint the loves of nymphs and swains,  
Your am'rous muses call;  
While fires impure pervade your breast,  
Be mine with gratitude imprest,  
That Jesus is my all.
- 3 Long did I walk the downward road,  
Destruction's gulf, each step I trod,  
Stood waiting for my fall;  
Till grace divine, with lucid ray,  
From midnight darkness led my way,  
To Jesus and my all.
- 4 Bow'd down with guilt's oppressive load,  
My burthen'd soul would oft to God  
For peace and pardon call;  
Till quite o'erwhelm'd with grief and smart  
My Saviour whisper'd to my heart,  
I, Jesus, am thy all.
- 5 Accept, dear Lord, my humble praise;  
Blest be the riches of thy grace,  
*Which sav'd my sinking soul.*

No other comfort may I find;  
May deep distress invade my mind,  
When thou art not my all.

**18.** L. M. Smith's Col.

*The banner's attractive power.* John xii. 32.

- 1 If lifted up on high I be,  
In me, said Christ, shall all men see  
The great fulfilment of the law,  
And to my cross all men I'll draw.
- 2 On Judah's height, and Canaan's shore,  
And where the gospel trumpets blow,  
Or where the Bethel flag was rear'd,  
Then Christ on high to men appear'd.
- 3 And has not Jesu's cords of love,  
Oft sweetly rais'd our souls above?  
And does he not, e'en now, inspire  
The sailor's heart with heavenly fire?
- 4 Then raise on high your banners still,  
Let Bethel wave on ev'ry hill;  
Till Christ shall reign from sea to sea,  
And angels shout the Jubilee.

**19.** L. M. Beddome.

*Bright and Morning Star.* Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near  
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,

O tell, how mean your glories are—  
How faint and few, compar'd with his.

- 2 We sing the Bright and Morning Star,  
Jesus, the spring of light and love ;  
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,  
Conduct us to the realms above !
- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad ;  
Point out the puzzled Christian's way :  
Still, as he goes, he finds the road  
Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 [Thus, when the Eastern Magi brought  
Their royal gifts, a star appears ;  
Directs them to the babe they sought,  
And guides their steps, and calms their  
fears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heav'nly place  
Where this bright star shall brightest  
shine ?  
Leave far behind these scenes of night,  
And view a lustre so divine ?

**20.** L. M. Watts.

*Characters of Christ.*

- 1 Go worship at Emmanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet !  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death :  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

[Is he a star ? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning-star.]

[Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness :  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]

[O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise ;  
There he displays his powers abroad,  
And shines, and reigns th' incarnate God.]

[Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.]

**21. C. M. J. E——.**

*Freedom by Christ. John viii. 36.*

YE captive souls, in fetters bound,  
Who feel your misery ;  
The way to liberty is found—  
The Son can make you free.

- 2 Hear the Redeemer sweetly call,  
    "Poor captive come to me ;  
    "Into my arms for freedom fall,  
    "Come, and I'll make you free."
- 3 Why should you doubt his love, or power ?  
    To him for refuge flee ;  
    Go, nor delay another hour,  
    He waits to make you free.
- 4 From Sin, from Satan, and the law,  
    He grants full liberty ;  
    Nor can keen justice find a flaw,  
    If Jesus makes you free.
- 5 The soul who is by Jesus freed,  
    No more shall bondage see ;  
    The Son will make him free indeed,  
    Dear Saviour make *me* free.
- 6 Divorce my soul from every lust,  
    Let me thy servant be ;  
    And then in heaven I'll sing and boast,  
    The Son hath made *me* free.

**22.** L. M. Y—.

*Christ a friend to the distressed.*

- 1 LONG have I rov'd and stray'd abroad,  
    And various paths my feet have trode ;  
    In each for peace with pain I try'd,  
    Yet peace in all was me deny'd.

- 2 Alas ! thought I, how blest are those  
Who seldom see or hear their foes,  
Whilst every moment I'm distressed,  
Like foaming billows in my breast !
- 3 From whence do all these troubles rise,  
O Thou that dwells above the skies ?  
Tell me, I pray—and where to find  
Ease for my poor distressed mind ?
- 4 I then was pointed to a shade,  
Where sorrow could not me invade,  
Beneath the cross on Calv'ry's hill,  
To sit and look and cure my ill.
- 5 'Twas there I view'd my bleeding God,  
Who had already borne my load :  
And in an instant with the sight,  
My trouble all at once took flight.
- 6 O let me still this place possess !  
Dear Jesus grant this one request !  
It's all I want, or can desire,  
Until my soul is wafted higher.

**23.** L. M. Beddome.

*Christ the gift of God. John iii. 16.*

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray,  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day !



- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face—  
That face which I have often seen ?  
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness !  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God  
To sinners weary and distressed ;  
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,  
I'd tread the world beneath my feet ;  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart ;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never should from thence depart !

**24.** C. M. Doddridge.

*Christ the head of his church.*

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace  
That calls a worm thine own ;  
Gives me among thy saints a place  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive ;  
From thee divided, each is dead  
When most he seems alive.

- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
     Here join in sweet accord :  
     One body all in mutual love,  
     And thou our common Lord.
- 4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive  
     Thy Spirit with delight ;  
     While death and hell in vain shall strive  
     This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present  
     Before thy Father's face ;  
     Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
     Its beauteous form disgrace.

**25.** 7s. Newton.

*Praise for the Incarnation.* Luke ii. 14.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows  
     Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;  
     All her hopes my spirit owes  
     To his birth and cross and shame.
- 2 When he came the angels sung,  
     " Glory be to God on high ;"  
     Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,  
     Who shall louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,  
     That he might the law fulfil,  
     Bleed and suffer in my room,  
     And cans't thou, my tongue, be still ?

- 4 No—I must my praises bring,  
 Tho' they worthless are and weak ;  
 For should I refuse to sing,  
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,  
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend ;  
 Ev'ry precious name in one,  
 I will love thee without end.

**26.** C. M. Hoskins.

*“ Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.”* John i. 29.

- 1 SAILORS to Jesus now draw near,  
 Invited by his word,  
 The chief of sinners need not fear,  
 “ Behold the Lamb of God.”
- 2 Backsliders too the Saviour calls,  
 And washes in his blood,  
 Arise, return from grievous falls,  
 “ Behold the Lamb of God.”
- 3 In every state, and time, and place,  
 Nought plead but Jesus' blood,  
 However wretched be your case,  
 “ Behold the Lamb of God.”
- 4 Spirit of grace to us apply  
 Emmanuel's precious blood,  
 That we may with thy saints on high,  
 “ Behold the Lamb of God.”

**27.** C. M. Newton.*The resurrection and the life.* John iii. 25.

- 1 "I AM (saith Christ) your glorious head,  
(May we attention give)  
The resurrection of the dead,  
The life of all that live.
- 2 "By faith in me the soul receives  
New life, tho' dead before ;  
And he that in my name believes,  
Shall live and die no more."
- 3 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,  
On us assembled here ;  
Put forth thy Spirit, with the word,  
And cause the dead to hear.
- 4 Preserve the power of faith alive,  
In those who love thy name ;  
For sin and Satan daily strive  
To quench the sacred flame.
- 5 To thee we look, to thee we bow,  
To thee for help we call ;  
Our life and resurrection thou,  
Our hope, our joy, our all.

**28.** C. M. D——.*Christ the light of his people.* Eph. v. 14.

- 1 HOW dark, how drear, is man's abode,  
In nature's rayless night !

He sleeps beneath the wrath of God,  
And hates disturbing light.

2 Prophets and teachers strive in vain,  
T' awake his sleep profound ;  
Quiet his slumbers still remain,  
While wrath collects around.

3 Until the Lord, with light divine,  
O'erpowers his stupid eyes ;  
And calls, while unknown splendours sl  
" Sleeper, awake, arise."

4 He wakes—but ah! his spirits freeze  
With horror at the view ;  
The boding heav'ns above he sees,  
The gaping pit below.

5 The light, in mercy sent, he fears  
But shows his awful doom ;  
And mercy's day to him appears  
The day of vengeance come.

6 But when the Sun of Righteousness  
Dispels his gloomy fear,  
Brings to h's view the realms of peace,  
And shows his mansion there ;

7 His joyful breast what transports swell  
What glories charm his sight !  
While glowing songs of praises tell  
" 'Twas Christ that gave me light."

**29.** 7s.

*A morning hymn to Christ. Translated from  
Dr. Buchanan.*

- 1 **OFFSPRING** of thy Father, thou,  
In essential glory bright,  
Let me at thy footstool bow,  
God of God, and light of light.
- 2 Night has fled, the waken'd eye  
Sees the morn its radiance throw ;  
While the purpled earth and sky  
All their late veil'd beauties show.
- 3 But alas ! from mental shade,  
Mortals no deliverance find ;  
Clouding errors still pervade,  
Still oppress the sinking mind.
- 4 Rise, thou purest Sun, arise,  
Give the world thy living ray ;  
Pour thy lustre on our eyes,  
Drive the fearful night away.
- 5 Frozen, barren, see we lie,  
Melt the ice and cleanse the soil,  
At the brightness of thine eye,  
Death and desolation smile.
- 6 Moistened with thy heavenly dews,  
Man, astonished, shall behold,  
Earth, *celestial fruits* produce,  
*Sixty* and a hundred fold.

**30.** L. M. Medley.

*Christ the one thing needful.* Luke x. 42.

- 1 **ATTEND** my soul, come search and see  
What's the most needful thing for thee.  
Can earth, with all its painted toys,  
Afford thee true and solid joys ?
- 2 Say could'st thou be completely blest,  
Of honours, pleasures, wealth possess'd ?  
Could any creature-good below  
Sufficient be ? *No ! Jesus, No !*
- 3 No, 'tis engraven on my heart,  
That thou *the one thing needful art* ;  
I could from all things parted be,  
But never, never, Lord, from thee !
- 4 *Needful* art thou, my soul can say,  
Through all life's dark and stormy way ;  
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,  
When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 5 *Needful* art thou to raise my dust,  
In shining glory with the just ;  
*Needful* when I in heav'n appear,  
To crown and to present me *there*.
- 6 There shall my soul, with joy supreme,  
*Dwell on the dear, delightful theme ;*

(Glory and praise be ever his)  
*The one thing needful Jesus is.*

### 31. L. M. Steele.

*Physician of souls. Jer. viii. 22.*

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
 In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
 The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever reigns  
 With fatal strength in ev'ry part,  
 The dire contagion fills the veins,  
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?  
 And is no kind physician nigh,  
 To ease the pain and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 There is a great physician near :  
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;  
 See in the heav'nly smiles appear  
 Such as nature cannot give !
- 5 See in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health and bliss abundant flow ;  
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood,  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.



**32.** 7. 6. Newton.*The good physician.* Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole !  
There is but one physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul !  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatched me from the grave ;  
To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous power to save
- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light compar'd with sin ;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within :  
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,  
And madness—all combin'd  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain ;  
But this prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my pain  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost ;  
Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great physician,  
How matchless is his grace !  
*Accepted my petition,*  
*And undertook my case :*

First gave me sight to view him,  
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;  
 Then bid me look unto him ;  
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

- 5 A dying risen Jesus,  
 Seen by the eye of faith ;  
 At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death :  
 Come then to this physician,  
 His help he'll freely give,  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only—*look and live !*

### 33. 10. 11. E——.

*Wilt thou be made whole ?* John v. 6.

- 1 COME, Seamen, attend to Jesus the Lord ;  
 He speaks as thy friend, give heed to his word :  
 His language is pleasing, reviving the soul,  
 'Tis this, (how amazing!) "*Wilt thou be  
 made whole ?*"

- 2 His power and skill, his wisdom and fame  
 His love and his will are ever the same :  
 His med'cine will ease thee, and comfort thy  
 soul ;  
 This language should please thee, "*Wilt thou  
 be made whole ?*"

- 3 All wounded and sore to Jesus I'll cry,  
 His pity implore and on him rely ;

He'll never reject thee, look to him my soul  
'Those sweet words affect me, "*Wilt thou be  
made whole ?*"

4 How shall I adore the mercy and grace  
That shine ever more in Jesus' dear face ?  
His promise invites me to give him my soul  
This query excites me, "*Wilt thou be  
whole ?*"

**34.** L. M. B——. *Altered.*

*Christ a pilot.*

- 1 SEAMEN, the God of heaven adore ;  
You see the wonders of his power ;  
The deep affords a rich supply,  
And all the star-bespangled sky.
- 2 When storms and hurricanes arise,  
And clouds and darkness veil the skies,  
Who bids the furious tempests blow ?  
HE who hath power to lay you low.
- 3 When light returns, and o'er the skies  
The sunbeams spread a thousand dyes ;  
Think on that Sun whose mercy brings  
Healing and life beneath his wings.
- 4 The needle points you to the pole,  
And yet it trembles, like the soul  
That feels its guilt a heavy load,  
When looking at a holy God.

# HYMN BOOK.

- be 5 But fearful sailor, see the cross,  
Where streams of blood made up thy los  
And mark the flesh of Jesus, torn,  
To heal the souls for sin that mourn.
- 6 O come and make his word your guide,  
In Him, your Pilot, still confide ;  
He'll lead you to that blissful shore,  
Where storms and death are felt no more.

## 35. C. M. J. A. K——.

*"My Father's at the Helm." An incident spiritually improved.*

- 1 'TWAS when the seas with horrid roar.  
A little bark assail'd,  
And pallid fear, with awful pow'r,  
O'er each on board prevail'd ;
- 2 Save one—the captain's darling child,  
Who fearless view'd the storm,  
And, playful, with composure smil'd  
At danger's threat'ning form.
- 3 "Why sporting thus !" a seaman cries,  
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"  
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replies ;  
"My father's at the helm."
- 4 Poor doubting soul from hence be taught  
How groundless is thy fear;  
Think what the power of Christ hath  
wrought—  
And he is ever near.

- 5 Safe in his hands whom seas obey,  
When swelling surges rise,  
He turns the darkest night to day,  
And brightens low'ring skies.
- 6 Though thy corruptions rise abhorr'd,  
And outward foes increase,  
'Tis but for him to speak the word,  
And all is hush'd to peace.
- 7 Then upward look ; howe'er distress,  
Jesus will guide thee home  
To that eternal port of rest  
Where storms shall never come.

**36.** C. M. Rippon's Selection.

*The Redeemer's Message.* Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes  
The Saviour promis'd long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held :  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the treasures of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And Heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

**37.** L. M. Newton.

*That rock was Christ.* 1 Cor. x. 4.

- 1 WHEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirst  
Forth from the rock the waters burst :  
Which smitten rock prefigur'd him,  
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.
- 2 But ah ! the types were all too faint,  
His sorrows or his worth to paint :  
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,  
But he endur'd the wrath of God.
- 3 Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
But ours was wounded, torn and slain ;  
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,  
But *Jesus* pour'd forth streams of blood.

- 4 The earth is like their wilderness,  
A land of drought and sore distress ;  
Without one stream from pole to pole,  
To satisfy a thirsty soul.
- 5 But let the Saviour's praise resound ;  
In him refreshing streams are found,  
Which pardon, strength and comfort giv  
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

**38.** L. M. Smith's Collection.

*Security of the Rock Christ.*

- 1 THE tower that rises o'er the sea,  
And braves the winter's dreadful shock,  
Where floods and rains and winds increase  
Stands fast, built firmly on a rock.
- 2 Thus may my soul on Jesus rest,  
While at his gates I humbly knock,  
And when with whelming seas opprest,  
Stand fast, built firmly on a rock.
- 3 Come sinners, flee to Jesus' arms,  
Like "doves who to their windows flock  
When death and hell the world alarms,  
Stand fast, built firmly on a rock.
- 4 Then while the harden'd sinner's drown'd,  
And heaven his cries and woes shall mock  
My soul with glory shall be crown'd,  
For ever built on Christ thy rock.

**39. L. M. Z——.**

*Transfiguration of Christ.* “*We were with him  
holy mount.*” 2 Peter, i. 18.

- 1 **LO !** Christ ascends the sacred height,  
Where his full glories should appear ;  
Three sailors view'd the wond'rous sight  
“ How good it is ”—ascended here.
- 2 **Thus** Peter spake in vast amaze,  
When bursting thro' the darken'd air,  
Celestial glories round him blaze,  
Majestic, 'mid the Saviour's prayer.
- 3 **If** transient views like this surprise,  
And raise the soul from earth's low clod.  
What must it be beyond the skies,  
Where Jesus reigns th' exalted God.
- 4 **Lord** raise poor seamen once again,  
To view thy majesty above,  
And soar beyond this stormy main,  
Where all is peace, and joy and love.

**40. S. M. Newton.**

*The broad way.* Math. vii. 13.

**DESTRUCTION'S** dangerous road,  
What multitudes pursue !  
While that which leads the soul to God,  
*Is sought or known by few.*



40, 41      AMERICAN SEAMAN'S

- 2 Believers enter in  
    By Christ the living gate;  
    But they who will not leave their sin,  
    Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,  
    And sin forsaken quite;  
    They rather choose the way that's wide,  
    And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,  
    On numbers they depend ;  
    So many surely can't be wrong,  
    And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark  
    That men will right be found ;  
    A few were sav'd in Noah's ark  
    But many millions drown'd.
- 6 Obey the gospel call,  
    And enter while you may ;  
    The flock of Christ is always small,  
    And none are safe but they.
- 7 Lord, open sinner's eyes,  
    Their awful state to see,  
    And make them, ere the storm arise,  
    To thee for safety flee.

**41.** C. M. Cowper.  
*True and false comfort.*

- 1 O GOD, whose favourable eye  
    The sin-sick soul revives ;  
    Holy and heavenly is the joy,  
    Thy shining presence gives.

HYMN BOOK.

2. Not such as hypocrites suppose,  
Who with a graceless heart ;  
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose  
Prepar'd by Satan's art.
- 3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,  
Who while they boast their light,  
And seem to soar above the stars,  
Are plunging into night.
- 4 Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,  
They sin and yet rejoice ;  
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,  
Would they not hear his voice ?
- 5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim  
The soul from Satan's pow'r ;  
That make me blush for what I am,  
And hate my sin the more.
- 6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,  
At thy dear feet to lie ;  
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,  
And none can higher fly.

42. L. M. Beddome.

*Complaining of Inconstancy.*

THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,  
Both represent th' unstable mind ;  
The morning cloud and early dew,  
Sing our inconstancy to view.

- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,  
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;  
Nor can there aught in nature be  
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,  
Scarcethrough a single hour the same ;  
We vow, and straight our vows forget,  
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return ;  
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn ;  
In deep distress, then raptures feel,  
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess  
Our folly and unsteadfastness :  
When shall these hearts more fixed be,  
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

### 43. S. M. Dr. Watts' Lyrics.

*Confession and Pardon.* 1 John i. 9.

- 1 MY sorrows like a flood,  
Impatient of restraint,  
Into thy bosom, O my God !  
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine  
Could once defy the Lord,  
Could rush with violence on to sin  
In presence of thy sword.

- 3 How often have I stood  
 A rebel to the skies,  
 And yet, and yet, O matchless grace !  
 Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O shall I never feel  
 The meltings of thy love ?  
 Am I of such hell-harden'd steel  
 That mercy cannot move ?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,  
 Here at thy cross I lie,  
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all ;  
 And weep, and love and die.
- 6 " Rise," says the Saviour, " rise !  
 Behold my wounded veins !  
 Here flows a sacred crimson flood  
 To wash away thy stains."
- 7 See, God is reconcil'd !  
 Behold his smiling face !  
 Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,  
 And sound aloud his grace.

**44.** C. M. Cowper.

*Contentment.* Phil. iv. 11.

- 1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,  
 As tempests vex the sea ;  
 But calm content and peace we find,  
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.

- 2 In vain by reason and by rule,  
 We try to bend the will ;  
 For none but in the Saviour's school,  
 Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,  
 His gracious words to hear ;  
 Contented with my present state,  
 I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? (he said)  
 Then how cans't thou complain ?  
 How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd  
 With everlasting pain.
- 5 " If thou of murm'ring would'st be cur'd,  
 Compare thy griefs with mine ;  
 Think what my love for thee endur'd,  
 And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 " 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
 And I do all things well ;  
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,  
 And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 " In life, my grace shall strength supply,  
 Proportion'd to thy day ;  
 At death, thou still shalt find me nigh,  
 To wipe thy tears away."

**45.** 10. 11. Newton.

*Jehovah Jireh. The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.*

1 **THO'** troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
 Though God should all fail, and all unite.

One thing secures us whatever betide,  
Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost  
In perilous deeps, but cannot be lost :  
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
His promise engages, the Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Ab'ram of old,  
Knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;  
Though we are strangers, we have a good  
Guide,  
Trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, or goodness we  
Claim,  
Since we have known the Saviour's great  
Name,  
His is our strong tower for safety we hide,  
His Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
His word of his grace shall comfort us through :  
Fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

**46.** S. M. Dr. S. Stennet.

*Praise for conversion.*

COME ye that fear the Lord,  
And listen while I tell,  
How narrowly my feet escap'd  
The snares of death and hell.

- 2 The flatt'ring joys of sense  
Assail'd my foolish heart,  
While Satan with malicious skill,  
Guided the pois'nous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,  
But fell to rise again ;  
My anguish rous'd me into life,  
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind ;  
I look'd around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cry'd ;  
He heard my plaintive sigh :  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd,  
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,  
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile  
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 O may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God ;  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
His loudest praise abroad.

**47.** C. M. Newton.

*Old things are passed away.* 2 Cor. v. 17.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day  
The stars are all conceal'd ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid you all depart ;  
His name and love and gracious voice,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me.
- 6 Yes ! though of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will ;  
For if thou had'st not lov'd me first,  
I had refus'd thee still.



**48.** (1st part.) L. M. Rippon's Selection.

*Desiring the departure of darkness, and Hope set before us.*

- 1 AND is it so—that, till this hour,  
We never knew what faith has meant ;  
And slaves to sin and Satan's power,  
Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do ?—shall we lie down,  
Sink in despair, and groan and die ?  
And, sunk beneath th' Almighty's frown,  
Not glance one cheerful hope on high ?
- 3 Forbid it, Saviour ! to thy grace  
As sinners, strangers, we will come ;  
Among thy saints we ask a place,  
For in thy mercy there is room.
- 4 Lord, we believe ! Oh, chase away  
The gloomy clouds of unbelief :  
Lord, we repent ! Oh, let thy ray  
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief.
- 5 Now spread the banner of thy love,  
And let us know that we are thine ;  
Cheer us with blessings from above,  
With all the joys of hope divine.

**48.** (2d part) S. M. Cowper.

*The shining Light.*

- 1 MY former hopes are dead,  
My terror now begins ;  
I feel alas ! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.

HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Ah! whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,  
A glimm'ring from afar;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.  
Forerunner of the Sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

49. L. M. Tract Magazine.

*On Death.*

HERE should I be, if God should say  
I must not live another day,  
He'd send and take away my breath?  
What is eternity—and death!

My body is of little worth,  
I could soon be mingled with the earth;  
We are made of clay, and must  
At death, return to dust.

- 3 But where my living soul would go,  
I do not, and I cannot know ;  
For none were e'er sent back to tell,  
The joys of heav'n or pains of hell.
- 4 Yet, heaven must be a place of bliss,  
Where God himself for ever is ;  
Where saints around his throne adore,  
And never sin nor suffer more.
- 5 And hell's a state of endless wo,  
Where unrepenting sinners go ;  
Though none that seek the Saviour's grace,  
Shall ever see that dreadful place.
- 6 O let me then at once apply  
To him who did for sinners die ;  
And this shall be my great reward,  
To dwell for ever with the Lord.

**50.** C. M. Bishop Horne. *Altered.*

*On Death.*

- 1 SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky ;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to night,  
For thou, alas ! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,  
And colours charm the eye ;  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
For thou, alas ! must die.

- 3 Sweet spring, of *days*, and *roses* made,  
 Whose charms for beauty vie ;  
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade,  
 Thou too, alas ! must die.
- 4 Be wise, then, Sailor, while you may,  
 For time doth swiftly fly ;  
 The thoughtless man that laughs to-day,  
 To-morrow too may die.

### 51. C. M. R. L.

*How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?* Jer. xii. 5.

- 1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
 Which fill me with dismay ;  
 How wilt thou do, my trembling soul,  
 In death's most gloomy day ?
- 2 In that dread hour of pain and wo,  
 What anguish rends the mind,  
 When forc'd to fly from all below,  
 And leave this clay behind !
- 3 Let me, ere death his icy hand  
 Shall on my body lay,  
 Secure a place in yonder world  
 Of everlasting day.
- 4 The merits of thy death, O Christ,  
 Unto my heart apply,  
 That when my body sleeps in dust,  
*My soul may never die ;*

- 5 But having hope, thro' grace divine,  
To see thy face above,  
May clap its joyful wings, and soar  
To realms of life and love.

**52.** C. M. Watts.

*Death and Eternity.*

- 1 MY thoughts that often mount the skies,  
Go search the world beneath,  
Where nature all in ruin lies,  
And owns her sovereign death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here !  
His trophies spread around !  
And heaps of dust and bones appear,  
Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 But where the souls, those deathless things,  
That left their dying clay ?  
My thoughts now stretch out all your wings,  
And trace eternity.
- 4 O that unfathomable sea !  
Those deeps without a shore,  
Where living waters gently play,  
Or fiery billows roar !
- 5 There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,  
Or sink in flaming waves ;  
While the pale carcass breathless lies

- 6 "Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand !  
Then come the joyful day ;  
Come death, and some celestial band,  
To bear our souls away."

**53.** C. M. Hart.

*Death near.*

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;  
Repent. Thy end is nigh.  
Death at the farthest, can't be far,  
Oh ! think before you die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;  
Thy sins how high they mount !  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?  
How stands that dark account ?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;  
His time there's none can tell,  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume :  
But ah ! destruction stops not there ;  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day, the gospel calls to-day ;  
Sinners, it speaks to you :  
Let every one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue.

**54.** L. M. Swain.*Encouragement against the fear of Death.*

- 1 **WHEN** swelling Jordan o'er us rolls  
Should Christ his lovely presence hide,  
Will it not overwhelm our souls,  
Before we reach the Canaan side ?
- 2 Who knows how deep the flood may be,  
When we our awful summons hear ;  
Or what dark prospects we may see,  
When his black banners death shall rear ?
- 3 Well, should the tyrant death display  
His fiercest form when we pass o'er,  
Our skilful guide knows all the way,  
From Jordan's brink to Canaan's shore.
- 4 Yes, the Redeemer once was dead !  
And, when he pass'd the gloomy grave,  
Death's blackest waves roll'd o'er his head,  
That we might know his power to save.
- 5 Jesus has conquered death for us,  
When his dark mansions he pass'd thro',  
He to a blessing turn'd the curse,  
And we shall triumph o'er him too.

**55.** S. M. Newton.*Balaam's wish. Num. xxiii. 10.*

- 1 **HOW** blest the righteous are,  
When they resign their breath !  
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share  
In such a happy death.

- 2 " Oh ! let me die, said he,  
The death the righteous do ;  
When life is ended, let me be  
Found with the faithful few."
- 3 The force of truth, how great !  
When enemies confess,  
None but the righteous, whom they hate,  
A solid hope possess.
- 4 But Balaam's wish was vain,  
His heart was insincere :  
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,  
And sought a portion here.
- 5 He seem'd the Lord to know,  
And to offend him loth ;  
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,  
For none can serve them both.
- 6 May you, my friends, and I,  
Warning from hence receive ;  
If like the righteous we would die,  
To choose the life they live.

**56.** L. M. J. E——.

*" To die is gain."* Phil. i. 21.

- 1 TO die—important thought !—to die,  
Perhaps to me the time is nigh ;  
This day, this hour, this moment may  
The Lord command my soul away.



- 2 To die—and part with all below,  
And to a world of spirits go !  
Important change—how vast the thought !  
Shall I to glory then be brought ?
- 3 To die—Great God ! and am I meet  
To stand before thy judgment seat ?  
When I before thy bar appear,  
O ! shall I find acceptance there ?
- 4 To die—will death to me be gain ?  
Shall I eternal life obtain ?  
Shall I appear before the throne,  
To tell the wonders Christ hath done ?
- 5 To die—dear Lord ! my soul prepare,  
Let me thy sacred image bear !  
Pardon and cleanse me by thy blood,  
Then shall I be at peace with God.
- 6 To die—shall then be gain to me !  
My spirit then shall Jesus see,  
And join with thousands gone before,  
His love and mercy to adore.

### 57. C. M. Newton.

#### *The happy debtor.*

- 1 TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,  
And nothing had to pay ;  
But Jesus freed me from the load,  
And wash'd my debt away.

- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,  
And blotted out my score ;  
Much more indebted I have been,  
Than e'er I was before.
- 3 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,  
For power to believe,  
For present peace, and promis'd heav'n,  
No angel can conceive.
- 4 That love of thine ! thou sinner's friend !  
Witness my bleeding heart !  
My little all can ne'er extend  
To pay a thousandth part.
- 5 Nay more, the poor returns I make  
I first from thee obtain ;  
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take  
Such poor returns again.
- 6 'Tis well—it shall my glory be  
(Let who will boast' their store)  
In time, and to eternity,  
To owe thee more and more.

**58.** 7s. Montgomery.

*Dedicating the heart to God.*

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,  
Glorify thyself in me,  
Sweetly beaming in my face,  
May the world thine image see.

Happy only in thy love,  
Poor, unfriended and unknown,  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on thee alone.

Humble, holy, all resign'd,  
To thy will—thy will be done !  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path he trod,  
Die with Jesus on the cross,  
Rise with him to thee my God.

59. L. M. Rippon's Selection.

*Entire dedication.*

EMPTY'D of earth, I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but thee ;  
Reserved for Christ, that bled and died,  
Surrender'd to the crucify'd !

Sequester'd from the noise and strife,  
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life ;  
Prepar'd for Heaven, my noblest care,  
And have my conversation there.

Nothing, save Jesus, would I know !  
My friend, and my companion thou ;  
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,  
And put all other loves to flight.

Each idol tread beneath thy feet,  
 And to thyself the conquest get:  
 Let sin no more oppose my Lord,  
 Slain by thy Spirit's two-edged sword.

Detach from sublunary joys  
 One that would only hear thy voice,  
 Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,  
 Nor glow but with celestial fire.

Larger communion-let me prove  
 With thee, blest object of my love:  
 But, oh! for this no power have I;  
 My strength is at *thy* feet to lie.

**60.** L. M. 107th Psalm. Watts.

*Deliverance from storms and shipwrecks.*

WOULD you behold the works of God,  
 His wonders in the world abroad,  
 Go with the mariners, and trace  
 The unknown regions of the seas.

They leave their native shores behind, ●  
 And seize the favour of the wind,  
 Till God command, and tempests rise  
 That heave the ocean to the skies.

Now to the heavens they mount again,  
 Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;

What strange affrights young sailors feel,  
And like a staggering drunkard reel !

- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry ;  
His mercy hears the loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
The furious waves forget their rage ;  
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see  
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
The wonderous goodness of the Lord !  
Let them their private offerings bring,  
And in the church thy glory sing.

**61.** C. M. Madan's Coll.

*Thanksgiving for deliverance in a storm.*

- 1 OUR little bark, on boist'rous seas,  
By cruel tempests tost,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Expecting to be lost.
- 2 We to the Lord in humble prayer  
Breath'd out our sad distress :  
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,  
We begg'd return of peace.

The stormy winds did cease to blow,  
The waves no more did roll ;  
And soon again a placid sea  
Spoke comfort to each soul.

O may our grateful trembling hearts  
Sweet hallelujahs sing  
To him who hath our lives preserv'd,  
Our Saviour and our King.

Let us proclaim to all the world,  
With heart and voice again,  
And tell the wonders he hath done  
For us the sons of men.

**62.** C. M. Dr. Ryland.

*Delight in God.* Psalm xxxvii. 4.

O LORD ! I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend ;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only friend.

When all-created streams are dry'd,  
Thy fulness is the same ;  
May I with this be satisfy'd,  
And glory in thy name !

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
Who has a fountain near ;  
A fountain which will ever run  
With waters sweet and clear ?

- 4 No good in creatures can be found  
But may be found in thee;  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil;  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide :  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ;  
What can I want beside ?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee ;  
I triumph and adore :  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

**63.** L. M. Stogdon.

*God ready to forgive, or despair prevented.*

- 1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears ?  
As if the Lord was loth to save,  
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,  
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne ?  
Or rules he by an iron rod ?  
Loves he the deep despairing groan ?  
Is he a tyrant, or a God ?

Not all the sins which we have wrought,  
 So much his tender bowels grieve,  
 As this unkind injurious thought,  
 That he's unwilling to forgive.

What though our crimes are black as night,  
 Or glowing like the crimson morn,  
 Emmanuel's blood will make them white  
 As snow through the pure æther borne.

"I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,  
 "No humble penitent shall die ;"  
 Lord, we would now believe thy word,  
 And thy unbounded mercies try !

**64.** C. M. Dr. Ryland.

*Hinder me not.* Gen. xxiv. 56.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,  
 My journey I'll pursue ;  
*Hinder me not*, ye much lov'd saints,  
 "For I must go with you."

Stay, says the world, and taste awhile  
 My every pleasant sweet ;  
*Hinder me not*, my soul replies,  
 Because the way is great.

Stay, Satan my old master cries,  
 Or force shall thee detain ;  
*Hinder me not*, I will be gone,  
 My God has broke thy chain.



- 4 Thro' floods and flames if Jesus leads,  
 I'll follow where he goes ;  
*Hinder me not*, shall be my cry,  
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 5 Thro' duty and thro' trials too,  
 I'll go at his command ;  
*Hinder me not*, for I am bound  
 To my Emmanuel's land.
- 6 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be ;  
*Hinder me not*, come welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

### 65. C. M. N——.

*Encouraging the soul under dejection.*

- 1 WHY heaves my breast this mournful sigh ?  
 Why far from rest still roam ?  
 Does not my Jesus reign on high,  
 To guide his wanderers home ?
- 2 Is not his sacred promise-sure  
 To all the chosen seed ?  
 Shall they not to the end endure  
 When God hath so decreed ?
- 3 Yes, soul, the hour approaches fast,  
 When through a Saviour's grace,  
 Thou shalt arrive in heav'n at last,  
 And see him face to face.

Death, the monster, is no more,  
With all his gloomy train,  
In a rough gale, to scud thee o'er  
Where endless pleasures reign.

Re on the bosom of thy God,  
Ecstasy recline;  
All that Jesus bought with blood,  
Shall be for ever thine.

**66.** C. M. W. G——.

*Eternal things.* 2 Cor. iv. 18.

'Things unseen attract your eyes,  
Which never will decay;  
Things which are beyond the skies,  
Realms of endless day.

At the beauty of the Lord,  
Yonder world of light;  
The pages of his word,  
Wherein it shines so bright.

More at Christ and glory still,  
At you may know and find  
Joy, and a submissive will,  
And solid peace of mind.

While we look on things above,  
Lasting pleasure find;  
While we view the God of Love,  
Crosses we're resign'd.

- 5 All our afflictions will seem light  
While heaven is in our view ;  
Our souls will bear the darkest night,  
With peace and courage too.

**67.** L. M. E. S——.

*An evening hymn.*

- 1 **THE** sun at length is gone to rest,  
And something says within my breast ;  
Forbear awhile, each earthly thing,  
And haste to meet thy Lord and King.
- 2 He sits upon a throne above,  
Shining with majesty and love ;  
Methinks I hear him sweetly say,  
Come sinner, rise and come away.
- 3 I come, my Jesus, fraught with joy,  
Swift on the wings of love I fly,  
Within thy arms secure to lay,  
Till mortal cares are past away.
- 4 And now I want, dear blessed Lord,  
Ever to keep thy holy word ;  
And firm to Heav'n's unchang'd decree,  
To keep this wand'ring heart for thee.
- 5 Here may'st thou ever, ever reign,  
And never let us part again ;  
Then often this shall be express'd,  
*Was ever soul than me more blest.*

**68.** C. M Cowper.*A living and a dead faith.*

THE Lord receives his highest praise,  
From humble minds and hearts sincere;  
While all the loud professor says,  
Offends the righteous Judge's ears.

To walk as children of the day,  
To mark the precept's holy light,  
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,  
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord,  
To purchase pardon for his own;  
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,  
Return the Saviour words alone.

Easy indeed it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If swelling words and fluent speech  
Might serve, instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see;  
Who talk of free and sovereign grace,  
Unless that grace has made him free.

**69.** C. M. Beddome.*Power of faith.*

- 1 HAVE I that faith whose influence  
Destroys the power of sin,  
Subdues the vain delights of sense,  
And makes the conscience clean ?
- 2 Have I that lively faith and strong  
Which checks the insulting foe,  
And when thick dangers round me throng  
Will bear me safely through ?
- 3 Have I that faith which calms the soul,  
When threat'ning storms arise,  
Bids the huge billows cease to roll,  
And straight the tempest dies ?
- 4 Have I that faith which looks to Christ,  
Through clouds that intervene,  
The sovereign king, atoning priest,  
And trust him though unseen ?
- 5 If still this precious grace I want,  
I seek it Lord from thee ;  
'Tis thine, and thine alone to grant ;  
Impart this gift to me.

**70.** C. M. Rippon's Selection.*The power of faith.*

**FAITH** adds new charms to earthly bliss :  
And saves me from its snares :  
Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares :

**Extinguishes** the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God, and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.

**The wounded conscience** knows its power  
The healing balm to give :  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.

**Wide** it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids me seek my portion there :  
Nor bids me seek in vain :

**Shows** me the precious promise, seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps my feeble hopes to rest,  
Upon a faithful God.

**There, there** unshaken, would I rest  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
At once to glory rise.

## 71. C. M. Cowper.

*Praise for faith.*

- 1 OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,  
Thou Giver of all good !  
Not heav'n itself a richer knows,  
Than my Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith too, the blood receiving grace,  
From the same hand we gain ;  
Else sweetly as it suits our case,  
That gift had been in vain.
- 3 Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,  
Our hearts refuse to see,  
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,  
Shut out the view of thee.
- 4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,  
What misery we endure !  
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,  
We could expect a cure.
- 5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,  
To thee our all we owe ;  
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r  
That makes him precious too.

**72.** C. M. Newton.

*Faith's review and expectation.* 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

- 1 **AMAZING** grace ! (how sweet the sound)  
That sav'd a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd ;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe, thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease ;  
I shall possess within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.



**73.** 8. 8. 8. or 113th. Wesley.

*Support of faith to the Christian mariner.*

- 1 'WHEN passing through the wat'ry deep  
I ask in faith his promis'd aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And sink from my devoted head ;  
Fearless then violence I dare,  
'They cannot harm, for God is there :
- 2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,  
(Good as thou art and strong to save,)  
I'll sail o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
Upborne by the unyielding wave :  
Dauntless, tho' rocks of pride be near,  
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 3 When darkness intercepts the skies,  
And sorrow's waves around me roll ;  
When high the storms of trouble rise,  
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul ;  
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,  
And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still."

**74.** S. M. Irons.

*"Jesus saith unto him, O thou of little faith."*

Matthew xiv. 31.

- 1 O THOU of little faith,  
On seas of trouble tost,  
Depend on what the Saviour saith,  
And you can ne'er be lost.

- 2 He bids you to him come,  
 Why should you yield to fear?  
 The winds may blow, and billows foam,  
 But Jesus Christ is there.
- 3 Tho' storms of sorrow rise,  
 And winds contrary prove,  
 Yet, "wherefore dost thou doubt," he cries,  
 Mine is unchanging love.
- 4 I did at first impart  
 The little faith thou hast,  
 Then doubt no more, I'll ne'er depart,  
 But ever hold thee fast.

**75.** C. M. Z——.

*"Some concerning faith have made shipwreck."*  
 1 Tim. i. 19.

- 1 ON life's wide ocean rudely tost  
 Ah, "*some concerning faith*,"  
 Professors have at last been lost,  
 For so the scripture saith.
- 2 Like empty "clouds" or "raging waves,"  
 While "foaming" out their shame,  
 Made "shipwreck" near apostate graves,  
 And sunk the Christian name.
- 3 O make me, Lord, sincere and true,  
 Believing thy report;  
 In me thy power and mercy show,  
 That *I may reach my port.*

- 4 Teach me to navigate those seas  
 Where thickest dangers rise,  
 And land me safe, when thou shalt please,  
 In heaven, to take the prize.

**76.** P. M. Smith's Coll.

*The soundings of faith.*

"When they had gone a little farther, they sounded again." Acts xxvii. 23.

- 1 TO Heav'n I'm bound with prosp'rous gales,  
 My bark by grace doth safely steer,  
 And going under gospel sails,  
 Celestial prospects bright appear.  
 To sound her ground my faith now springs,  
 And to her *Author* thus she sings,  
*"Thy will be done."*
- 2 As bearing up to gain the port,  
 A blood stain'd cross and heav'n in view,  
 A Saviour's wounds my harbour—fort—  
 The beacon—to my vessel true;  
 Again my faith her sounding tries,  
 And to my soul's sure pilot cries—  
*"A blessed Hope."*
- 3 Now as the blissful shore draws near,  
 With transport I behold the place,  
 Where dwells my friend, my Saviour dear,  
 And long, with joy, to see his face.  
 Once more my faith now tries her ground,  
 And thus re-echoes back the sound,  
*"Christ is my Rock."*

4 When to her birth my bark draws nigh,  
 And I have done with sails and tide,  
 "Strong is my cable," then I'll cry,  
 My Anchor's sure—I safely ride.  
 No more, my soul, need try her ground,  
 Safe at her moorings she is found,  
 And "all is well."

**77.** 11. 12. Edmeston.

*"Trust in the Lord for ever."* Is. xxvi. 4.

1 WHEN rocks and when shallows beset us  
 around,  
 When sands are deceitful, and treach'rous the  
 ground,  
 When waves rise and threaten the ship to o'er-  
 whelm,  
 We trust to the pilot who governs the helm.

2 When dangers and death range abroad in our  
 sight,  
 We obey the command, and it guides us aright;  
 Though we know not the reason of all that we  
 see,  
 We trust our commander knows better than we.

3 And shall we in seasons of danger thus trust,  
 The power and aid of a man who is dust;  
 But when we are call'd in our God to confide,  
 Feel doubt and distrust in his goodness to guide?

4 Forbid it—Oh never, wherever we be,  
May we feel, Lord, or act as mistrustful of  
thee :

*Thou knowest, thou see'st, thou guidest*  
*aright,*

And the path that's now dark, will hereafter be  
bright.

### 78. Gs. Edmeston.

*False Land. "Be not deceived." Gal. vi. 7.*

1 WHEN many a tempest blew,  
And hope was almost past ;  
The worn and weary crew,  
Hail'd distant land at last.

2 Far o'er the lee it lay,  
**Its** arms seem'd spreading wide,  
To form a quiet bay,  
Where ships might safely ride.

3 That refuge from the storm,  
That distant bay so fair,  
Was but a cloudy form,  
And melted into air !

4 So earthly hope deceives  
The heart that trusts it most ;  
So all the beauty leaves  
Some seeming happy coast.

- 5 But faith can look before,  
 And see the land of light ;  
 'This is the only shore  
 That *never mocks* the sight.

**79.** L. M. Doddridge.

*Effects of the fall lamented.* Ps. cxix. 136, 158.

- 1 **ARISE**, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;  
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;  
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;  
 See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;  
 The Father wounded through the Son ;  
 The word abus'd ; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
 Closing in everlasting night—  
 In flames, that no abatement know,  
 Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;  
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;  
 And fain my pity would reclaim,  
 And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
 And can but weep where most it loves ;  
 Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

**80.** L. M. Dr. Gibbons.*Divine Forgiveness.* Luke vii. 47.

- 1 **FORGIVENESS!** 'tis a joyful sound  
To malefactors doom'd to die!  
Publish the bliss the world around;  
Ye seraphs shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;  
'Tis full, out-meas'ring ev'ry crime:  
Unclouded shall its glories shine,  
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 Our sins unnumber'd as the sand,  
And like the mountains for their size,  
The seas of sov'reign grace expand—  
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heav'n,  
What grateful honour shall we show?  
Where much transgression is forgiv'n,  
Let love in equal ardour glow.
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days  
With various holiness be crown'd;  
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise  
In all abide, in all abound.

**81.** L. M. Watts' Sermons.*Fortitude, or remedies against fears.*

- 1 **WHEN** tumults of unruly fear,  
Rise in my heart and riot there.

What shall I do to calm my breast,  
And get my vexing foe supprest ?

2 What power can these wild thoughts control,  
This ruffling tempest of the soul?  
Where shall I fly in this distress,  
But to the throne of glorious grace ?

3 Great God, preserve my conscience clean,  
Wash me from guilt, forgive my sin,  
Thy love shall guard me from surprise,  
Though threat'ning dangers round me rise.

4 When fear like a wild ocean raves,  
Let Jesus walk upon the waves,  
And say, "'tis I," that heavenly voice  
Shall sink the storm and raise my joys.

5 My faith would seize some promise, Lord;  
There's power and safety in thy word;  
Not all that earth or hell can say,  
Shall tempt or drive my soul away.

**82.** C. M. Evangelical Magazine.

*Against fear.* John vi. 20.

1 WHEN storm and tempest loudly howl,  
And clouds obscure the sky;  
When lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
*Be not afraid—'tis I.*



- 2 If doubts about a future state  
 Extort the serious cry,  
 What shall I do? my sins how great !  
*Be not afraid—'tis I.*
- 3 While Satan aims a fiery dart,  
 Temptations make thee sigh ;  
 Believe in me ; I'll keep thy heart ;  
*Be not afraid—'tis I.*
- 4 Should health and wealth, and friends for  
 And death itself draw nigh ;  
 Tho' heart should break, and nature sh  
*Be not afraid—'tis I.*
- 5 'Tis I who liv'd—'tis I who died,  
 That thou mightst reign on high ;  
 Behold my hands, my feet, my side,  
*And be convinc'd 'tis I.*

**83.** L. M. Baltimore Coll.

*" Be not afraid, it is I."* Mark vi. 50.

- 1 CHILDREN of God, renounce your fe  
 Lo ! Jesus for your help appears,  
 And loudly speaks as he draws nigh.  
*" Be not afraid, for it is I."*
- 2 When in the awful tempests tost,  
 You feel your strength and courage los

And mighty waves roll o'er your head,  
Your Lord is near, be not afraid.

- 3 When mournful tidings from afar,  
Or nations raise tumultuous war,  
And wide their devastation spread,  
Yet he is near, be not afraid.
- 4 When fierce disease attacks your frame,  
Your Saviour's love is still the same ;  
In death's dark shade you need not fear,  
For Jesus will be with you there.
- 5 When stars are from their orbits hurld,  
And flames consume this lower world,  
Ev'n then your Judge will smiling cry,  
" Be not afraid, for it is I."

**84.** C. M. Watts' Sermons.

*Holy Fortitude.* 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease ;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face;  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

**85.** C. M. Watts' Sermons.

*Zeal and fortitude.*

- 1 DO I believe what Jesus saith,  
And think the gospel true?  
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,  
And practise virtue too.
- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,  
Arm me with heavenly zeal,  
That I may make thy power appear,  
And works of praise fulfil.

- 3 If men should see my virtue shine,  
 And spread my name abroad,  
 Thine is the power, the praise is thine,  
 My Saviour and my God.
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,  
 Their lips proclaim thy grace;  
 They cast their honours at thy feet,  
 And own their borrow'd rays.

**86.** S. M. Dr. Watts' Lyrics.

*Forms vain without religion.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!  
 How wond'rous is thy name!  
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
 Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress  
 Her humble homage pays,  
 And finds a thousand ways t' express  
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing  
 To her Creator too;  
 Fain would my tongue adore my King  
 And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that busy sin,  
 Spoils all that I perform;  
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,  
 And swells a haughty worm.]

- 5 Create my soul anew,  
Else all my worship's vain ;  
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And to my God, my soul ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

**87.** C. M. Cowper.

*Praise for the fountain opened. Zeek. xiii. 1.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
O may I there, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
'Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,  
Thy flowing wounds supply ;  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

- 5 But when this lisping stamm'ring tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave ;  
Then in a nobler sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

**88.** L. M. Krishnu.

*The first Hindoo convert baptized in Bengal, and afterwards a preacher of the Gospel.*

- 1 O THOU my soul, forget no more  
The *Friend* who all thy misery bore ;  
Let ev'ry idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget *Him* not.
- 2 Brumu,\* for thee a body takes,  
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,  
Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;  
And cans't thou e'er such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,  
And fly to this most sure relief,  
Nor him forget, who left his throne,  
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine  
In Him, and HE himself is thine ;  
And cans't thou then with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms forget.
- 5 Ah ! no—till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

\* The Hindoo name of the one God.

- 6 Ah! no—when all things else expire,  
And perish in the general fire,  
His name all others shall survive,  
And through eternity shall live.

**89.** L. M. Chapman's Coll.

*Christ the Sailor's Friend.*

- 1 GO make thy station his dear cross,  
Compar'd with this, count all things loss.  
Wait till his pitying ear he lend,  
Christ is the contrite sailor's FRIEND.
- 2 And such a Friend! Oh make him yours,  
Pardon his boundless love procures,  
Go, sailor, and he will attend;  
Lord Jesus, be the sailor's Friend.
- 3 Plead not of works which thou hast done,  
They never can for sin atone;  
Emptied of self, to nought pretend,  
But rest on Christ, the sailor's Friend.

**90.** 7. 6. Smith's Coll.

*Gales astern.*

I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest. Ps. lv. 8.

- 1 THOUGH strong the winds are blowing,  
And loud the billows roar;  
Full swiftly we are going,  
To our dear native shore.

- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,  
The storms that round us swell,  
Are aiding to restore us  
To all we love so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses,  
Life's mariner along;  
Afflictions and distresses,  
Are gales and billows strong.
- 4 The sharper and severer,  
The storms of life we meet,  
The sooner and the nearer  
Is heav'n's eternal seat.
- 5 Come then afflictions dreary,  
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;  
You only bear the weary  
More quickly home to rest.

**91.** L. M. Ap. Rippon's Selec.

*God the author of consolation.* 2 Cor. vii. 6.

- 1 **THE** Lord, how rich his comforts are;  
How wide they spread! how high they rise:  
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,  
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.
- 2 I have no hope, my spirit cry'd,  
Just trembling on the brink of hell;  
I am thy hope, the Lord reply'd,  
My love secures its fav'rites well.



- 3 My grateful soul shall **speak** his praise,  
Who turns its tremblings **into** songs ;  
And those that mourn shall learn of me,  
Salvation to our **God** belongs.

**92.** C. M. Rowe.

*Eternity of God.*

- 1 **THOU** didst, O mighty God, exist  
Ere time began its race ;  
Before the ample elements  
Fill'd up the void of space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe  
In fluid air was stay'd ;  
Before the ocean's mighty springs  
Their liquid stores display'd.
- 3 And when the pillars of the world,  
With sudden ruin break,  
And all this vast and goodly frame  
Sinks in the mighty wreck :
- 4 When from her orb the moon shall start,  
Th' astonished sun roll back ;  
While all the trembling starry lamps  
Their ancient course forsake :
- 5 For ever permanent and fix'd,  
From agitation free,  
Unchang'd, in everlasting years,  
*Shall thy existence be.*

**93.** L. M. Watts.

*God's dominion over the sea. Psalm cvii. 25.*

- 1 GOD of the seas, thy thundering voice  
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,  
And one soft word of thy command  
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 How is thy glorious power ador'd,  
midst the wat'ry nations, Lord;  
Yet the bold men, that trace the seas,  
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.
- 3 What scenes of miracles they see,  
And never tune a song to thee;  
While on the flood they safely ride,  
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
- 4 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,  
And some drink death among the waves;  
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,  
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.
- 5 O for some signal of thy hand,  
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land;  
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny  
That there's a God that rules the sky.

**94.** L. M. J. B—.

*The glory of God, in creation and grace.*

- 1 THY glories shine, Almighty God!  
With bright effulgence round the globe;

- There's not a tree, or plant, or flower,  
But blooms thy wisdom and thy power.
- 2 The meanest worm that crawls the ground,  
The shining heav'ns extensive round;  
Angels and men, join to proclaim  
The matchless wonders of thy name.
- 3 But still, with transport, we survey  
A more divinely-bright display  
Of Godhead, in its grandest forms,  
When Jesus dwells with mortal worms.
- 4 In him, the first born Son we trace  
The brightness of the Father's face,  
Where love and majesty combine  
Where truth and mercy meet and shine.
- 5 Angels may bend in deep amaze,  
Adoring thy mysterious ways  
Of love divine ; while human tongues  
Proclaim free grace in loudest songs.

**95. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.**

*God's goodness to the children of men. Ps. vii. 31.*

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord;  
And let his pow'r and goodness sound  
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;

- Where sun and moon and planets roll ;  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;  
That land remotest nations joins,  
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But O that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !  
God's only son in flesh array'd,  
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 5 Thither my soul with rapture soar !  
There in the land of praise adore ;  
The theme demands, an angel's lay—  
Demands an everlasting day.

**96.** L. M. Cowper.

*Grace and Providence.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY King ! whose wond'rous hand !  
Supports the weight of sea and land ;  
Whose grace is such a boundless store,  
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,  
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good,  
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,  
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 Either his hand preserves from pain,  
Or, if I feel it, heals again ;

From Satan's malice shields my breast,  
Or overrules it for the best.

- 4 Forgive the song that falls so low  
Beneath the gratitude I owe !  
It means thy praise, however poor,  
An angel's song can do no more.

**97.** 11. 12. Edmeston.

*Universal presence.* Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 IN the wide waste of water,  
So vast and so clear,  
How delightful to think,  
That my Saviour is here ;  
As much with this vessel,  
Where'er it may roam,  
As with those whom we love,  
And have quitted at home.
- 2 Eternal pervader—  
Protector of all !  
Thou hearest the prayer  
Of the weakest who call ;  
From thee never distant,  
Wherever we are,  
Thy love is our pole,  
And our point, and our star.
- 3 Forgive us and bless us,  
Thou only cans't bless ;  
Thou knowest—we do not,  
*Each future distress ;*

O guard us, and keep us,  
And bring us again  
To the land of our home,  
From the boisterous main.

**98.** C. M. Blacklock.

*Divine omnipresence. Psalm cxxxix.*

- 1 WHERE from thy spirit shall I stretch  
The pinions of my flight?  
Or where thro' nature's spacious range,  
Shall I elude thy sight?
- 2 Scal'd I the skies; the blaze divine  
Would overwhelm my soul:  
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear,  
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 3 If on a morning's darting ray,  
With matchless speed I rode,  
And flew to the wild lonely shore,  
That bounds the ocean's flood.
- 4 Thither thy hand, all-present God!  
Must guide the wond'rous way,  
And thine omnipotence support,  
The fabric of my clay.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee;  
O may I ne'er provoke that power,  
From which I cannot flee.

**99.** C. M. Beddome.*Providence universal. Psalm cxlv.*

- 1 **TEMPESTS** arise, when God appoints,  
And mighty oceans roar,  
He bids the winds and waves be still,  
And strait the storm is o'er.
- 2 Without him not a sparrow falls,  
Nor eagle cuts the air,  
But saints amid these changing scenes,  
Are his peculiar care.
- 3 If light attends the course I run,  
'Tis he provides those rays,  
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,  
If darkness cloud my days.
- 4 Through regions, distant and unknown,  
His providence extends,  
Then let his praises fly abroad,  
To earth's remotest ends.

**100.** L. M. J. Stennet.*God reasoning with men. Is. i. 18.*

- 1 **"COME, sinners,"** saith the mighty God,  
"Heinous as all your crimes have been,  
Lo! I descend from mine abode  
To reason with the sons of men.

- 2 "No clouds of darkness veil my face,  
No vengeful lightnings flash around ;  
I come with terms of life and peace ;  
Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound."
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,  
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;  
O make our crimson sins like wool,  
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat  
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,  
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,  
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

**101. C. M. Newton.**

*They shall be mine, saith the Lord. Malachi iii. 16—18.*

- 1 WHILE sinners utter boasting words,  
And glory in their shame ;  
The Lord, well pleas'd, an ear affords  
To those who fear his name.
- 2 They often meet to seek his face,  
And what they do or say,  
Is noted in his book of grace,  
Against another day.
- 3 For they, by faith, a day descry,  
And joyfully expect,  
When he, descending from the sky,  
His jewels will collect.



- 4 Unnotic'd now, because unknown,  
A poor and suffering few ;  
He comes to claim them for his own,  
And bring them forth to view.
- 5 With transport then, their Saviour's care  
And favour they shall prove ;  
As tender parents guard and spare  
The children of their love.
- 6 Assembled worlds will then discern  
The saints alone are blest ;  
When wrath shall like an oven burn,  
And vengeance strike the rest.

**102.** L. M. H——.

*A throne of grace.* Heb. iv. 16.

- 1 WHILE journeying through this humble  
vale,  
Exposed to every adverse gale ;  
If to the throne I could repair,  
I should be happy, happy there.
- 2 When doubts and fears my mind perplex,  
Or worldly things go wrong and vex,  
If to the throne my soul draws near,  
Propitious hope removes each fear.
- 3 O never, never can I find  
Such joy and transport to the mind,  
As when my ardent soul descry'd  
The glories of the man who died.

- 4 The robe my legal soul had wrought  
With pray'rs and tears, appear'd as nought ;  
One view, O Saviour, of thy love,  
For ever fix'd my hopes above.
- 5 There let them firm for ever rest,  
With still increasing radiance blest ;  
Till death dissolves the mortal band,  
And I arrive in Canaan's land.

**103.** C. M. Watts' Lyrics.

*Grace and sovereignty.*

- 1 THE Lord, how fearful is his name !  
How wide is his command !  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe ;  
While with a smile or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath  
Can swell and sink the seas ;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall,  
In all their shining forms,  
His sovereign eye looks thro' them all,  
And pities mortal worms.

- 5 Now let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will,  
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are his fav'rites still.

**104. S. M. Watts.**

*Heavenly joy on earth.*

- 1 [COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from this place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God,  
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas :]
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heav'nly powers  
To carry us above.

- 6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below :  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.]
- 9 [The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.]

**105. L. M. E——.**

*The heart of stone.* Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.

- 1 **KIND** Saviour, tune my pow'rs anew,  
For I would praise and love thee too ;  
But, Lord, I must with grief bemoan,  
That I have still a *heart of stone*.

- 2 Convinced of *this*, to thee I fly,  
On thee depend, on thee rely ;  
I know thy pow'r, and *thine* alone,  
Can take away this *heart of stone*.
- 3 O mighty Jesus, let me be  
Reliev'd from guilt and misery ;  
And thus shall I be brought to own,  
That thou cans't break a *heart of stone*.
- 4 When pain, disease, and death appear,  
And vast eternity draws near,  
May this important truth be known,  
That Christ hath chang'd my *heart of stone*.
- 5 Then shall I leave this world with joy,  
And mount to dwell above the sky ;  
Where saints for ever join to own  
That Christ can melt a *heart of stone*.

**106.** L. M. Hart.*The stony heart.*

- 1 OH ! for a glance of heav'nly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away ;  
To thaw with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord ! an adamant would melt ;

But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, unaw'd I hear;  
Amazing things ! which devils fear ;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But one can yet perform the deed ;  
That one in all his grace I need ;  
Thy spirit can from dross refine  
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

6 O breath of life, breathe on my soul !  
On me let streams of mercy roll :  
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

**107. C. M. T——.**

*Holding on.*

1 IN all my troubles sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies ;  
My anchor hold is firm in him,  
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up ;  
I trust a faithful God :  
The sure foundation of my hope,  
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul !  
To thy Redeemer's name :  
In joy and sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.

**108.** C. M. H—.

*Hope in a storm.*

- 1 THE gathering clouds portentous rise,  
My feeble bark is toss'd :  
O Saviour hasten, speak a calm,  
Or I'm for ever lost.
- 2 Secure upon a fatal coast,  
My all I did embark ;  
Nor once mistrusted how I steer'd,  
Till shipwreck'd in the dark.
- 3 While thick'ning tempests fright my soul,  
And former comforts die ;  
Yet still I know my Jesus lives  
And intercedes on high.
- 4 Dear Saviour, wake a tuneful note,  
And make my heart rejoice ;  
Dispel the gloom, confirm my hope,  
And raise my falt'ring voice.
- 5 On thy dear bosom let me lean,  
As one belov'd of thee ;  
To hear thy voice, to see thy face,  
And worship only thee.

**109.** L. M. Parkinson.

*Hope in darkness.*

- 1 IN darkest hours and greatest grief,  
A view of Christ gives joy and light ;  
Among ten thousand he's the chief,  
He turns to day my blackest night.

- 2 When sins like mighty mountains rise,  
And fears like raging billows swell,  
Then Christ appears my sacrifice,  
And sweetly whispers *All is well.*
- 3 When past offences me assail,  
And Sinai's thunders loudly roar,  
Then Jesus shows himself my bail,  
And justice cries, *I ask no more.*
- 4 If Satan strive to cast me down,  
Then speaks the Father, whose I am,  
And says I'm chosen in the Son,  
Before the world or time began.
- 5 Thus loy'd and chosen in the Son,  
Redeem'd and cleansed by his blood,  
Not all the rage of hell or men  
Can separate me from my God.

**110.** (1st part.) C. M. Gospel Melodies.

*Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul.* Heb. vi. 19.

- 1 **THIS** life's a voyage of strife and storm,  
And dangers widely spread :  
The fairest prospects clouds deform,  
Till even hope is fled !
- 2 Our skies are clothed in cheerless gloom,  
Our guiding stars retire,  
And lightnings seem to flash our doom,  
In streams of livid fire.



- 3 Oh! whither shall our souls retreat,  
Is there no refuge left;  
But 'gainst the storm our bark must beat,  
Of every hope bereft?
- 4 Ah! sinner, trembling sinner, yes,  
There is a refuge nigh;  
Jesus in righteousness can bless,  
Though tempests cloud thy sky!
- 5 Though robb'd of every guardian rope,  
Thy bark on billows roll,  
There still remains this cheering *hope*,  
An *anchor* to thy soul.
- 6 Seek then his grace, so free, so dear!  
And bought with cruel pains;  
Then shalt thou boast his mercy here,  
And triumph where he reigns.

**110.** (2d part.) L. M. Watts.

*Hope in the covenant.* Heb. vi. 17—19.

- 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my God!  
But everlasting is his love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirits up;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

**111. L. M. Irons.***Christ the Sailor's Hope.*

- 1 LAUNCH'D on a sea where troubled waves,  
With angry tossings swell and foam,  
'Tis gospel hope from shipwreck saves,  
'Till death shall waft the vessel home.
- 2 When life's contrary winds arise,  
With keen perplexing heavy gales,  
A hope well fix'd above the skies,  
Against the sharpest storms prevail.
- 3 Billows of disappointment roll,  
Along the restless tide of time,  
But gospel hope bears up the soul,  
'Till an eternal calm shall shine.
- 4 Jesus, my hope is fix'd on thee,  
No calm below do I expect,  
But I am safe, tho' out at sea,  
Thou wilt not let my soul be wrecked.

**112. C. M. Rippon's Selection.**

*Messenger of the covenant, appearing for our salvation.*  
Malachi iii. 1.

- 1 **JESUS**, commission'd from above,  
    **Descends** to men below,  
And shows from whence the springs of love  
    In endless currents flow.
- 2 He whom the boundless heaven adores,  
    Whom angels long to see,  
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,  
    Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,  
    A rebel all forlorn ;  
A foe, a traitor to my God,  
    And of a traitor born.
- 4 To me, who never sought his grace,  
    Who mock'd his sacred word ;  
Who never knew, or lov'd his face,  
    And all his will abhorr'd.
- 5 [To me, who could not even praise,  
    When his kind heart I knew,  
But sought a thousand devious ways  
    Rather than keep the true :
- 6 Yet this redeeming angel came,  
    So vile a worm to bless ;  
He took with gladness all my blame,  
    And gave his righteousness.

- 7 Oh that my languid heart might glow  
 With ardour all divine !  
 And, for more love than seraphs know,  
 Like burning seraphs shine.

**113.** C. M. Hoskins.

*Jesus better than all our fears.*

- 1 'THO' winds may blow and storms may rise,  
 And rocks and sands appear,  
 But Jesus to his people flies,  
 And bids them not to fear.
- 2 Tho' seeming on destruction's brink,  
 While the dread tempests roar,  
 However toss'd, they shall not sink,  
 But safely reach the shore.
- 3 Tho' neither sun nor stars appear  
 For many days in sight,  
 Trust in the Lord, be of good cheer,  
 And he shall guide you right.
- 4 Then let the saints in God confide,  
 And on his promise rest,  
 They shall the storms of life outide,  
 And be for ever blest.

**114.** C. M. Steele.

*"Behold I stand at the door and knock."* Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend  
 To visit sinful worms ;  
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand,  
 In all her winning forms ?

- 2 Shall Jesus for admission sue,  
 His soothing voice unheard,  
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
 Remain for ever barr'd?
- 3 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,  
 The lodging has possess,  
 And crowds of traitors bar the door  
 Against the heavenly guest.
- 4 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,  
 Thy mighty pow'r display,  
 One beam of glory from thy face,  
 Can drive my foes away.
- 5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart,  
 Dear Saviour enter in,  
 And guard the passage to my heart,  
 And keep out every sin.

**115.** S. M. Beddome.

*Life from Jesus' death.*

- 1 YE mourning saints, behold  
 The Lamb that once was slain,  
 See, see him on the cross expire,  
 In agonizing pain.
- 2 The fruits of glory grow  
 On that accursed tree,  
 The Saviour dies, the sinner lives.  
 His bondage set us free.
- 3 The law he satisfied,  
 And paid the debt we ow'd,  
 Aton'd our guilt, our grief sustain'd,  
 A vast oppressive load.

- 4 'Tis from his dying groans,  
 Our loud hosannas rise,  
 By faith in him, our souls aspire  
 To mansions in the skies.

**116.** C. M. Newton.

*The name of Jesus.* Songs i. 3.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast:  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place;  
 My never failing treas'ry fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defil'd;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest and King;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll see thee as I ought.

**117.** C. M. J. Stennet.*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 JESUS ! O word divinely sweet !  
How charming is the sound !  
What joyful news ! what heavenly sense,  
In that dear name is found !
- 2 Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,  
In hopeless fetters lay ;  
Our souls, with numerous sins deprav'd,  
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,  
A willing victim fell,  
And on his cross triumphant broke  
The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,  
He mighty was to save ;  
He died, but could not long be held,  
A prisoner in the grave.
- 5 Jesus ! who mighty art to save,  
Still push thy conquests on ;  
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,  
Where'er the sun has shone.
- 6 O Captain of salvation ! make  
Thy power and mercy known ;  
Till crowds of willing converts come,  
And worship at thy throne.

**118.** C. M. Doddridge.

*Jesus precious to believers.* 1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heav'n might hear,
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet ;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

**119.** C. M. Gospel Melodies.

*Nevertheless I am not ashamed.* 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 THOUGH friends forsake, and foes assail,  
Bright faith shall ne'er remove ;  
Nor all the arts of hell prevail,  
Dear Lamb, against thy love !



- 2 Faith ! like the Dove descending bright,  
O'er Jordan's hallow'd tide,  
Shall pour from thee a stream of light,  
My anxious soul to guide.
- 3 Then let on me a world disclaim'd,  
Her brands of vengeance toss ;  
Oh ! dying God ! I'm not ashamed  
To clasp thy reeking cross.
- 4 I'll cling like seamen to their mast,  
When billows round them rave ;  
While Hope supports them to the last,  
To stem the rushing waye !
- 5 Lost in a storm of guilt, and fast,  
Fast driven from the shore ;  
Jesus ! thy love the cross hath cast,  
To bear me safely o'er.
- 6 Upborne by that, the sinking soul  
May brave the darkest sea,  
Though storms of deep'ning horrors roll,  
And rise through faith, to thee !

**120.** C. M. Gospel Melodies.

*Lord Jesus receive my spirit.* Acts vii. 59.

- 1 OUR voyage below beset with ills  
We know not to avoid ;  
And prone to err, our faithless wills  
Have oft each good destroy'd !

- 2 But most of all, our stubborn sins  
Delude our hearts of stone,  
Till Satan, ever watchful, wins  
Our spirits for his own!
- 3 Do thou, redeeming Jesus, thou,  
For us the fight sustain;  
Then conquest crowns the humble brow,  
And sin and death are slain!
- 4 Then mercy triumphs in our hearts,  
And grace our hope renews;  
While faith a rich delight imparts,  
And Heaven's own transport views.
- 5 Guide me, dear Lord, through waves and  
strife,  
And when those storms are past,  
Oh! let me enter into life!  
Receive my soul at last.

**121.** C. M. Watts' Sermons.

*The true improvement of life.*

- 1 AND is this life prolong'd to me?  
And days and seasons given?  
O let me then prepare to be  
A fitter heir of heaven.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,  
These golden hours be gone;  
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,  
I bow before thy throne.

- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,  
 By my Redeemer's blood;  
 Now let my flesh and soul begin  
 The honours of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile  
 With sin's deceitful toys;  
 Let cheerful hope, increasing still  
 Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim,  
 The wonders of thy praise,  
 And spread the savour of thy name  
 Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine,  
 And when I leave this state,  
 May heav'n receive this soul of mine  
 To bliss supremely great.

**122.** L. M. Lock H. Coll.

*Invitation to sinners. Is. lv. 1.*

- 1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;  
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race;)  
 Mercy and free salvation buy;  
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace,
- 2 Come, to the living waters, come;  
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
 And find his grace reach'd out to all.

- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise,  
 For you in healing streams it rolls;  
 Money you need not bring, nor price,  
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing you in exchange can give;  
 Leave all you have and are behind;  
 Frankly the gift of God receive,  
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

**123.** C. M. Steele.

*The Saviour's invitation.* John vii. 37.

- 1 **THE Saviour calls—let every ear**  
 Attend the heavenly sound;  
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow:  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart  
 To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise  
 To ease your ev'ry pain:  
 (Immortal fountain! full supplies!)  
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners come; 'tis mercy's voice,  
 The gracious call obey:  
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—  
 And can you yet delay?

- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts;  
And drink, and never die.

**124.** C. M. Steele.

*An invitation to the gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22.*

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms:  
He calls, he bids you come:  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;  
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,  
There love and pity meet;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart  
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd,  
Invites your souls to come;  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love;  
While hope attends the sweet repast,  
Of nobler joys above.

HYMN BOOK.

- 6 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,  
Are welcome still to come :  
Ye longing souls the grace adore,  
Approach, there yet is room.

**125.** 7s. Newton.

*Rest for weary souls.* Math. xi. 28.

- 1 DOES the gospel word proclaim,  
Rest for ~~those~~ who weary be :  
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,  
Sure that promise speaks to thee :  
Marks of grace I cannot show,  
All polluted is my best ;  
Yet I weary am I know,  
And the weary long for rest.

Burden'd with a load of sin,  
Harass'd with tormenting doubt,  
Hourly conflicts from within,  
Hourly crosses from without :  
All my little strength is gone,  
Sink I must without supply :  
Sure upon the earth is none  
Can more weary be than I.

- 3 In the ark the weary dove  
 Found a welcome resting place ;  
 Thus my spirit longs to prove  
 Rest in Christ, the ark of grace :  
 Tempest toss'd I long have been,  
 And the flood increases fast ;  
 Open, O Lord, and take me in,  
 Till the storm be overpast.

**126.** C. M. Steele.

*Come unto me, &c. Math. xi. 28.*

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distress ;  
 Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;  
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;  
 O come, and spread your woes abroad ;  
 Divine compassion, mighty love,  
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows  
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;  
 Pardon and life, and endless peace ;  
 How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart  
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
 And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

**127.** C. M. Newton.

*The tamed Lion, or rebellion overcome. Isaiah xi. 9.*

- 1 A LION, though by nature wild,  
The art of man can tame ;  
He stands before his keeper, mild,  
And gentle as a Lamb.
- 2 But man himself, who thus subdues  
The fiercest beasts of prey,  
A nature more unfeeling shows,  
And far more fierce than they.
- 3 Tho' by the Lord preserv'd and fed,  
He proves rebellious still :  
And when he eats his Maker's bread,  
Resists his holy will.
- 4 Alike in vain, of grace that saves,  
Or threat'ning law he hears :  
The savage scorns, blasphemes and raves,  
And neither loves nor fears.
- 5 O Saviour ! how thy wond'rous pow'r,  
By angels is proclaim'd ;  
When in thine own appointed hour,  
They see thy Lion tam'd.



- 6 The love thy bleeding cross displays,  
 The hardest heart subdues ;  
 Here furious lions while they gaze,  
 Their rage and fierceness lose.
- 7 Yet we are but renew'd in part;  
 The Lion still remains ;  
 Lord, drive him wholly from my heart,  
 Or keep him fast in chains.

**128.** L. M. Newton.

*The Loadstone, or compass turning to the polar star.*  
 John xii. 32.

- 1 AS needles point towards the pole,  
 When touch'd by the magnetic stone ;  
 So faith in Jesus, gives the soul  
 A tendency before unknown.
- 2 'Till then by blinded passions led,  
 In search of fancy's good we range ;  
 The paths of disappointment tread,  
 To nothing fix'd, but love of change.
- 3 But when the Holy Ghost imparts  
 A knowledge of the Saviour's love ;  
 Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,  
 Are fix'd at once, no more to move.
- 4 By love's pure light, we soon perceive  
 Our noblest bliss and proper end ;  
 And gladly every idol leave,  
 To love and serve our Lord and friend.

- 5 Thus borne along by faith and hope,  
 We feel the Saviour's words are true;  
 "And I, if I be lifted up  
 Will draw the sinner upward too."

**129.** 7s. Rippon's Selection.

*Long suffering, or patience of God.*

- 1 LORD, and am I yet alive,  
 Not in torments, not in hell!  
 Still doth thy good spirit strive!  
 With the chief of sinners dwell!
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,  
 Will not of thy love despair;  
 Still in spite of sin I rise,  
 Still I bow to thee in prayer.
- 3 O the length and breadth of love!  
 Jesus, Saviour, can it be?  
 All thy mercies' height I prove,  
 All the depth is seen in me.
- 4 See a bush that burns with fire,  
 Unconsum'd amid the flame!  
 Turn aside the sight t' admire,  
 I the living wonder am.
- 5 See a stone that hangs in air!  
 See a spark in ocean live!  
 Kept alive with death so near,  
 I to God the glory give.

**130.** C. M. Newton.

*The Lord is my portion.* Lam. iii. 24.

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,  
And search in vain for bliss;  
My soul is satisfied at home,  
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne  
Rules heav'n, and earth and sea;  
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,  
His blood removes my fear;  
And while he pleads for me above,  
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,  
His spirit is my guide;  
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,  
And all my wants supply'd.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,  
Disgrace for him, renown;  
Well may I glory in *his cross*,  
While he prepares *my crown*.
- 6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast  
How much they gain or spend;  
Their joys must soon give up the ghost,  
But mine will know no end.

**131.** L. M. Miss Harrison.*Look unto me, and be ye saved. Is. xlv. 22.*

- 1 **LOOK** unto me, the Saviour cries,  
Behold in me your help is found;  
Look sinners ! look with steadfast eyes,  
I have a balm for every wound.
- 2 Look unto me, and me alone,  
Look now, while I inviting stand,  
Your advocate before the throne,  
With life eternal in my hand.
- 3 To me your sin-sick souls resign,  
I'll save them from the lowest hell,  
All power in heaven and earth is mine,  
And in my presence they shall dwell.
- 4 Ye mourning souls that fear my name,  
I've heard your groans, I've seen your  
tears ;  
Look up to me ! I bore your shame,  
And I forbid your gloomy fears.
- 5 Look, saints ! look sinners ! and adore ;  
I am your Prophet, Priest and King ;  
Look, and be joyful evermore ;  
Look, and complete salvation sing.

**132.** C. M. Newton.*Looking at the cross.*

- 1 **IN** evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear ;  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.

- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood;  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
" I freely all forgive :  
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
I die, that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus while his death my sin displays,  
In all its blackest hue,  
(Such is the mystery of grace)  
It seals my pardon too !

**133.** L. M. E——.*Longing to be with Christ.*

- 1 O HEAR, thou friend of sinners! hear  
The humble breathings of my mind;  
Give me to know that thou art near,  
And let me prove that thou art kind.
- 2 O may I taste of Jesus' love,  
And feel the heav'nly flame within,  
Drawing this grov'ling heart above,  
From scenes of sorrow, death and sin.
- 3 Fain would I live on joy divine,  
And feast my soul on gospel fare;  
But this unfaithful heart of mine,  
Draws me to earth and keeps me there.
- 4 O kind Redeemer, ~~haste~~ haste the hour  
That I have often long'd to see;  
When sin shall lose its galling pow'r,  
And death shall waft my soul to thee.
- 5 Bid the brisk wheel but brisker roll,  
That turns revolving seasons round  
Then should I sooner reach the goal  
Where joys, immortal joys, are found.

**134.** C. M. Steele.*Pardoning love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.*

- 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord;  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word!

- 2 Yet, sov'reign mercy calls, "Return."  
 Dear Lord, and may I come!  
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
 O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
 And bid my crimes remove?  
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
 To speak thy wond'rous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power  
 How glorious, how divine!  
 That can to life and bliss restore  
 So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free so sweet,  
 Dear Saviour, I adore;  
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
 And let me rove no more.

**135.** L. M. D. Turner.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.*

- 1 YES, I will love thee, 'blessed God!  
 Paternal goodness marks thy name!  
 Thy praises, through thy high abode,  
 The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son  
 For man to suffer, bleed and die;  
 And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,  
 For all I want on him rely.

- 3 In him, thy reconciled face,  
With joy unspeakable I see;  
And feel thy powerful, wond'rous grace  
Draw, and upite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish wandering heart,  
Attracted by a creature's power,  
Would from this blissful centre start,  
Lord, fix it there to stray no more !

**136.** 148th.*The Heavenly Mariner.*

- 1 **THROUGH** tribulations deep  
The way to glory is ;  
This stormy course I keep  
On these tempestuous seas :  
By winds and waves I'm tost and driven,  
Freighted with grace and bound for heaven.
- 2 When I in my distress,  
My anchor hope can cast,  
Within the promises,  
It holds my vessel fast :  
Safely she then at anchor rides,  
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 3 If a dead calm ensues,  
And heaven no breezes give,  
The oar of prayer I use,  
And tug, and toil, and strive ;  
Through storms and calms for many a day,  
I make but very little way.



4 But when a heavenly breeze  
Spirits up and fills my sail,  
My vessel goes with ease,  
Before the pleasant gale,  
And runs as much an hour or more,  
As in a month or two before.

5 Then at the time of noon,  
My quadrant, faith, I take,  
To view my Christ, my Sun!  
If he the cloud should break.  
I'm happy when his face I see,  
I know then whereabout I be.

6 The Bible is my chart,  
By it the seas I know;  
I cannot with it part,  
It rocks and sands doth show.  
It is a chart and compass too,  
Whose needle points for ever true.

7 I keep away from pride,  
Those rocks I pass with care;  
And studiously avoid  
The whirlpool of despair.  
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,  
Near them I do not choose to run.

8 My vessel would be lost,  
In spite of all my care,  
But that the Holy Ghost  
Himself vouchsafes to steer.  
And I through all the voyage will  
*Depend upon my steersman's skill.*

9 E'er I can reach heaven's coast,  
I must a gulf pass through,  
Which dreadful proves to most,  
For all this passage go.  
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,  
If God himself is at my helm.

10 When through this gulf I get,  
Though rough it is but short ;  
The pilot angels meet,  
And bring me into port :  
And when I land on that blest shore,  
I shall be safe for evermore.

**137.** C. M. Psalm 107. Watts.

*The Mariner's Psalm.*

- 1 **THY** works of glory, mighty Lord,  
Thy wonders in the deeps,  
The sons of courage shall record,  
Who sail in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
And swell the tow'ring waves ;  
The men astonish'd mount the skies,  
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
He hears the loud request,  
And orders silence through the skies,  
And lays the floods to rest.

- 4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
And see the storm allay'd :  
Now to their eyes the port appears;  
There let their vows be paid.
- 5 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;  
Let stupid mortals know,  
That waves are under his command,  
And all the winds that blow.
- 6 O that the sons of men would praise  
The goodness of the Lord !  
And those that see thy wondrous ways,  
Thy wond'rous love record.

**138.** C. M. Addison.

*The Traveller's Psalm.*

- 1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,  
How sure is their defence ;  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of danger, fears and death,  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to thee.

**139.** L. M. Z—.

*Meditation at sea.*

- 1 WHEN from the bosom of the deep,  
My thoughts o'er Jesus' sorrows rove,  
I view the blood-stain'd cross and weep,  
Till all my soul's dissolv'd in love.
- 2 What tho' rude storms have rent my bark,  
And billows after billows roll'd,  
No waves e'er dash'd across the ark,  
Were half so vast, so wild, so bold.
- 3 I hear my Jesus' sinking cry,  
"Lord save, O save, thy Son implores,"  
I see his dreadful agony,  
While heaven its mighty vengeance pours

- 4 The storm is o'er, the tempest dies,  
Eternal calms shall now prevail;  
To heaven I see my Saviour rise,  
And spread for Heaven my soul's best sail.

**140.** 10. 11. Smith's Coll.

*Meeting a countryman from home.*

- 1 IN lands strange and distant, how sweetly the  
sound,  
Of the tongue of a countryman falls on the ear;  
It reminds us of home, of the land where we're  
bound,  
Of the friends we have there, and our kindred  
so dear.

- 2 It is thus with the Christian, when passing  
along  
This world, to the home of his Father, on high:  
Some brother he finds, in the midst of the  
throng,  
With the accent of heaven, the tongue, of the  
sky.

- 3 How delightfully heart answers heart, as they  
meet,  
How refreshing to each is the sound of the  
voice,  
How cheering the thought, the communion how  
sweet,  
How the passions grow warm, and the spirits  
rejoice.
-

4 The communion of saints brightens many a  
day,  
Enlivens the faith that was drooping and low,  
Stirs up the remembrance of God on our way,  
And bids all the sweetest affections to glow.

**141.** L. M. Newton.

*A welcome to Christian friends.*

- 1 **KINDRED** in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious name :  
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus ;  
We only wish to speak of him  
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.

- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

**142.** L. M. Scott.

*Meekness, opposed to pride.*

- 1 **MARK**, when tempestuous winds arise,  
The wild confusion and uproar,  
All ocean mixing with the skies,  
And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore.
- 2 Not less confusion racks the mind,  
When, by the whirl of passion toss'd,  
Calm reason is to rage resign'd,  
And peace in angry tumult lost.
- 3 O self-tormenting child of pride,  
Anger, bred up in hate and strife;  
Ten thousand ills, by thee supplied,  
Mingle the bitter cup of life.
- 4 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,  
Clear as the summer's evening ray,  
Calm as the regions of the bless'd,  
Enjoy on earth celestial day.
- 5 O may a temper, meek and mild,  
With gentle sway our souls possess;  
Passion and pride be thence exil'd,  
And to be bless'd, still may we bless!

**143.** L. M. Z——.*Singing in the middle watch.**"At midnight I will give thanks to thee." Ps. cxix. 62.*

- 1 YES, Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise,  
At midnight, in my watch at sea,  
The floods shall hear me sing thy praise,  
And tell what grace has done for me.
- 2 The moon and stars, and fish shall hear,  
Millions shall catch the grateful sound,  
And waves shall o'er the ocean bear  
My praise till earth and heaven rebound.
- 3 I'll praise for grace already given,  
I'll praise for grace I'm yet to have,  
I'll praise for grace "*reserved in heaven,*"  
With glory crown'd beyond the grave.

**144.** C. M. Newton.*On an eclipse of the Moon.*

- 1 THE moon in silver glory shone,  
And not a cloud in sight,  
When suddenly a shade begun,  
To intercept her light.
- 2 How fast across her orb it spread,  
How fast her light withdrew ;  
A circle ting'd with languid red,  
Was all appear'd in view.



- 3 While many, with unmeaning eye,  
Gaze on thy works in vain !  
Assist me, Lord, that I may try  
Instruction to obtain.
- 4 Fain would my thankful heart and lips  
Unite in praise to thee ;  
And meditate on thy eclipse,  
In sad Gethsemane.
- 5 Thy people's guilt—a heavy load ;  
(When standing in their room,)  
Depriv'd thee of the light of God,  
And fill'd thy soul with gloom.
- 6 Dark, like the moon without the sun,  
I mourn thy absence, Lord !  
For light or comfort I have none,  
But what thy beams afford.
- 7 But lo ! the hour draws near apace,  
When changes shall be o'er ;  
Then shall I see thee face to face,  
And be eclips'd no more.

**145.** C. M. Newton.

*Moonlight.*

- 1 THE moon has but a borrow'd light,  
A faint and feeble ray ;  
She owes her beauty to the night,  
And hides herself by day.

- 2 No cheering warmth her beam conveys,  
Tho' pleasing to behold;  
We might upon her brightness gaze,  
'Till we were starv'd with cold.
- 3 Just such is all the light to man,  
Which reason can impart,  
It cannot show one object plain,  
Nor warm their frozen heart.
- 4 Thus moonlight views of truth divine,  
To many fatal prove;  
For what avail is gifts to shine,  
Without a spark of love!
- 5 The gospel, like the sun at noon,  
Affords a glorious light:  
Then fallen reason's boasted moon  
Appears no longer bright.
- 6 And grace, not light alone bestows,  
But adds a quick'ning pow'r;  
The desert blossoms like the rose,  
And sin prevails no more.

**146.** L. M. Rippon's Selection.

*Casting the Gospel net.* Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

- 1 NOW, while the gospel net is cast,  
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;  
From num'rous disappointments past,  
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much favour'd hour,  
 To souls in Satan's bondage led;  
 O clothe the word with sov'reign pow'r,  
 To break the rocks and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,  
 On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;  
 Let poor backsliders be restor'd,  
 And all thy saints in praises join.

**147.** 10. 11. G. B——. *Altered.*

*I will make you fishers of men.* Math. iv. 19.

1 **THIS** world is a sea, which never can rest;  
 Where tempests and storms, and dangers molest;

Where many poor sailors are dash'd on the shore,

And multitudes perish to rise never more.

2 The church is a ship, distressed and tost;  
 But guided by Christ can never be lost;  
 The tempest may threaten, and horribly roar,  
 But Christ has insur'd her to heaven's blest shore.

3 The gospel's a net constructed above;  
 Of justice compos'd, and mercy and love  
 Thus perfectly fitted, by glorious grace,  
 To accomplish his will in saving our race.

4 The servants of Christ are fishers of men;  
 They let down the net again and again:

By preaching the gospel we sinners are caught,  
And, led by the spirit, to Jesus are brought.

5 Then let us unite His praise to proclaim;  
Salvation ascribe to Jesus' dear name;  
(Who saves by the Gospel poor perishing men,)  
All glory to Jesus! Amen and Amen.

**148.** C. M. Hoskins. *Altered.*

*Ye must be born again.* John iii. 7.

1 SEAMEN, this solemn truth regard!  
Hear, *all* ye sons of men;  
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,  
"Ye must be born again."

2 What'er may be your birth or blood,  
The sinner's boast is vain;  
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally deprav'd,  
The heart a sink of sin,  
Without a change we can't be sav'd;  
"Ye must be born again."

**149.** C. M. Collier's Coll.

*Renewing Grace.*

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load!  
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise  
To happiness and God.

- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine,  
 The stubborn will subdue?  
 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,  
 To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
 And upwards bid them rise;  
 And make the scales of error fall  
 From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,  
 And bid the sinner live;  
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
 And give them life divine!  
 Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,  
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

### 150. L. M. C. M.—.

*Desiring the new birth, an effusion of the heart.*

- 1 OH God, create my heart anew,  
 Bid unbelief and fear depart;  
 Let holy, sanctifying dew,  
 Descend and cleanse my longing heart.
- 2 Father, I wait thy will to prove,  
 Thy sanctifying pow'r to see;  
 To triumph in thy perfect love,  
 And all my powers devote to thee.

- 3 Oh let me hear thy cheering voice,  
Pronounce me, Saviour, *wholly thine* ;  
Then in thy strength will I rejoice,  
And all my soul to thee resign.
- 4 By Jesus' last expiring groan,  
Who suffered, bled and died for me,  
Oh! take away my heart of stone,  
And let me find my all in thee.
- 5 Thou wilt—I feel the quick'ning pow'r,  
Thine everlasting love is mine,  
Thou art my life, my strength, my tow'r,  
And I my God am wholly thine.

**151.** C. M. Balt. Coll.

*At parting.*

- 1 LORD! when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heavenly grace,  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,  
That we must part again,  
O let thy gracious presence still  
With every one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the cords of love,  
Till we, around thy glorious throne,  
Shall joyous meet above.

- 4 There sin and sorrow from each heart,  
Shall then for ever fly,  
And not one thought that we shall part,  
Once intercept our joy.
- 5 There void of all distracting pains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;  
But in seraphic heav'nly strains,  
Redeeming love admire.
- 6 And thus, through all eternity,  
Upon the heavenly shore.  
The great mysterious One in Three,  
Jehovah, we'll adore.

**152.** C. M. New Selec.

*Parting.*

- 1 FROM the dear flock of Jesus' saints,  
How painful 'tis to go!  
But such must be our sad complaints,  
While trav'ling here below.
- 2 If parting now so grieves each heart,  
That's knit to Zion's head,  
Then surely Jesus ne'er will part  
With those for whom he bled.
- 3 True must his word for ever stand ;  
Then—he'll ne'er leave his sheep ;  
But in the hollow of his hand,  
Their souls securely keep,

- 4 He'll train them up, through grace divine,  
A kingdom to possess ;  
There shall their souls for ever shine,  
In perfect love, and peace.
- 5 What a delightful company,  
Shall meet on Canaan's shore !  
Oh ! what a meeting that will be,  
When parting is no more !
- 6 Then round the shining throne above,  
We'll sing in cheerful strains ;  
Sound the Redeemer's dying love,  
O'er all the heav'nly plains.

**153.** C. M. Steele.

*Pearl of great price.* Matth. xiii. 46.

- 1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth adieu !  
A nobler choice be mine ;  
A *real* prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my care,  
Ye specious baits of sense ;  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet !  
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.



- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign ;  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possess'd,  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be for ever bless'd.
- 6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine ;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

**154.** L. M. Ap. Rippon's Selec.

*The penitent.*

- 1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word ;  
But owns his heart, with shame and grief,  
A mass of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room ;  
And vent'ring hard, behold I come ;  
But can there, tell me, can there be,  
Amongst thy children, room for *me* ?
- 3 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed :  
And I'm a sinner vile indeed !  
Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;  
*O, magnify that grace in me.*

**155.** C. M. New Selec.

*"Lord, remember me."*

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
O Lord remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,  
I yield myself to thee,  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free;  
Then in thy all abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature-helps all flee,  
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,  
I pray remember me.

156, 157 AMERICAN SEAMAN'S

**156.** C. M. Dr. S. Stennet.

*The penitent.*

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat,  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:  
Forbid it that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm!
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead,  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears but those which thou hast shed—  
No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!  
And all my sins forgive:  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

**157.** C. M. Steele.

*Penitence and Hope.*

- 1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall  
The wonders of thy grace,  
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,  
And hide this wretched face.

- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?  
 Ah, vile ungrateful heart!  
 By earth's low cares detain'd—betray'd  
 From Jesus to depart—
- 3 From Jesus—who alone can give  
 True pleasure, peace and rest:  
 When absent from my Lord, I live  
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wandering soul restores;  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
 The penitential sigh,  
 Confirm the kind forgiving word,  
 With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet  
 Rejoice to seek thy face:  
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
 Thy condescending grace.

**158.** C. M. Newton.

*Perseverance.* Phil. i. 6.

- 1 REJOICE, believer in the Lord,  
 Who makes your cause his own;  
 The hope that's built upon his word,  
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm ;  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,  
Faith sees him always near ;  
A guide, a glory, a defence,  
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you ;  
So surely, you that love his name,  
Shall triumph in him too.

**159.** C. M. Dr. S. Stennet.

*Pleading with God under affliction.*

- 1 WHY should a living man complain  
Of deep distress within,  
Since every sigh, and every pain,  
Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,  
Nor ever dare rebel ;  
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,  
My painful feelings tell.

- 3 Thou see'st what floods of sorrow rise,  
And beat upon my soul :  
One trouble to another cries,  
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,  
My shipwreck'd soul is tost :  
Till I am tempted in despair  
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look  
Once more to thee, my God :  
O fix my feet upon a rock,  
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,  
Will set my heart at ease ;  
One all-commanding word of grace  
Will make the tempest cease.

**160.** L. M. Rippon's Selection.

*The pool of Bethesda.* John v. 2—4.

- 1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I  
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?  
When shall the means of healing be  
The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on ev'ry side step in,  
And wash away their pain and sin ;  
But I, a helpless sin-sick soul,  
Still lie *expiring* at the pool.

- 3 Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down,  
To-day thine own appointments crown;  
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou see'st me lying at the pool,  
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole ;  
Oh, let the troubled waters move,  
And minister thy healing love.

**161. C. M. New Selec.**

*My portion is above.*

- 1 FAREWELL, vain world, to earth adieu,  
Your glories I despise ;  
Your friendship I no more pursue,  
Your flatt'ries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,  
Nor can you satisfy ;  
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,  
And all your treasures die.
- 3 Had I the Indies, East and West,  
And riches of the sea,  
Without my God I could not rest,  
For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above,  
By faith I'll take my wing  
To the eternal realms of love,  
Where saints and angels sing.

There love and joy that will not waste,  
There treasures that endure ;  
There pleasures that will always last,  
Abound for ever more.

**162.** 8. 7. 4.

567 of Rippon's Selection paraphrased by T. H. G.

*Prayer for guidance and protection.*

GUIDE us, O ! thou great Jehovah,  
Wanderers on the mighty deep ;  
From the storm and raging tempest,  
Deign our floating bark to keep ;  
Lord of Heaven !  
Bid the breeze propitious blow.

Be our safeguard thro' the night-watch,  
And our guardian all the day,  
To our destin'd port in safety,  
Give us swift and gladsome way ;  
Strong Deliv'rer !  
Be thou still our strength and shield.

And when life's short voyage is over,  
In the haven of the blest,  
May we, guided by thy Spirit,  
Find an everlasting rest ;  
Father, hear us !  
For the great Redeemer's sake.



**163.** S. M. New Selec.

*Exhortation to prayer.*

- 1 COME, all who love to pray,  
On Jesus cast your care ;  
And ev'ry praying soul shall find  
He loves to answer pray'r.
- 2 See how he looks, and smiles,  
From yonder shining throne ;  
Pleas'd, he attends your ev'ry pray'r,  
And sends rich blessings down !
- 3 Ye hung'ring, thirsting souls,  
O pray, and never faint ;  
Fresh scenes of love our Lord displays  
To ev'ry praying saint.
- 4 And whither should we go,  
But to a throne of grace ?  
For there we prove celestial joys,  
And find substantial peace.
- 5 Lord, from thy throne behold  
Thy saints assembled here,  
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire  
To feel thy presence near.

**164.** 7s. Rippon's Selec.

*A blessing humbly requested.*

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O ! do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 In thy own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

**165.** L. M. J. E——.

*For a prayer meeting.*

- 1 WITH contrite hearts, before thy throne,  
Great God of heav'n and earth, we bow ;  
O make thy loving kindness known  
To ev'ry waiting sinner now.
- 2 Descend, and fill each waiting heart  
With cheerful hope, and heav'nly joy ;  
And may thy Spirit now impart  
That peace which Satan can't destroy.
- 3 Help us to tell each rising grief,  
To pour our num'rous wants abroad,  
To mourn that stubborn unbelief  
Which doubts the mercy of a God.

- 4 Dost thou not hear the sinner's pray'r?  
 Are not thy tender mercies free?  
 Then why should I indulge despair?  
 Why not salvation, then, for me?
- 5 O cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin,  
 Make me to love thy sacred word,  
 That in thy strength I may begin  
 To yield obedience to the Lord.

## 166. C. M. J. E.—

*Before prayer.*

- 1 WITH trembling steps before thy throne,  
 Dread sov'reign ! we appear,  
 To make our exigencies known;  
 O lend a gracious ear !
- 2 Bow down the heav'n's, Almighty God !  
 And listen while we pray:  
 Dispense thy sacred love abroad,  
 And drive our doubts away.
- 3 We often ask, yet don't receive,  
 Because we ask amiss ;  
 But now, dear Lord ! we would believe,  
 And trust thy word of grace.
- 4 How ignorant, alas ! and blind,  
 In all we think or say ;  
 The darkness chase from every mind,  
 And teach us how to pray.

Depending on thy promis'd word;  
We meet while here below ;  
Be present with us, dearest Lord !  
And bless us ere we go.

Remove each cause of slavish fear  
Let hope succeed despair :  
Then shall we know that thou art near,  
To hear and answer pray'r.

**167.** C. M. H—.

*At the opening of a meeting.*

WITHIN these doors assembled now,  
We wait thy blessing, Lord ;  
Appear within the midst, we pray,  
According to thy word.

May some sweet promise be apply'd,  
When we attempt to read :  
For this alone can give support  
In all our times of need.

O breathe upon our lifeless souls,  
And raise our drooping hearts ;  
That we may see thy smiling face,  
Ere we from hence depart.

And now, dear Saviour, when we pray,  
Be thou thyself so near,  
If Satan fright our trembling souls,  
Thy mercy may appear.

- 5 Behold thy lambs, and bear them, Lord,  
 Upon thy gracious breast;  
 And gently lead inquiring souls  
 To view thy promis'd rest.
- 6 And now, O blessed Spirit, come,  
 We long to see thee move;  
 O north wind, blow, and breathe, O south,  
 And fill the place with love.

### 168. L. M. Upton.

#### *Gratitude for preservation.*

- 1 'T WAS God preserv'd me by his pow'r,  
 His goodness, O my soul, adore!  
 Preserv'd by him, to him I raise  
 This monument of grateful praise.
- 2 Many go out and ne'er return,  
 But leave their families to mourn,  
 The sad irreparable blow,  
 Hasty, and vast, and awful too.
- 3 Others return'd in safety, find,  
 Fled from the earth, some lovely mind,  
 Embrace in vain the breathless clay,  
 And wish to grieve themselves away.
- 4 But God (his name my soul shall bless)  
 Still crowns my house with life and peace!  
 My life he fills with every good,  
 And will be known a gracious God.

- 5 What can I do but ask his **grace**,  
Still to enhance my debt of **praise** ;  
Jesus, my soul to thee I bring,  
And long to serve thee while I sing.

**169.** L. M. Williams' Coll.

*Preservation.*

- 1 **RECORD**, my soul, thy Maker's pow'r,  
Whose winds and waves obey his will;  
He bids the awful tempest roar,  
His voice the wildest storm can still.
- 2 View, O my soul, with wonder view  
The roaring billows round thee tost,  
And bless his mercies ever new,  
While thou art saved, and others lost.
- 3 Speak to my heart, dear Lord, and say,  
" The rain is gone, the tempest's o'er;  
Come, my beloved, come away,  
Satan and sin shall reign no more.
- 4 " Fear not, I'll guard thy helpless head,  
While life, and all its conflicts last,  
And when the raging winds are fled,  
Thy soul shall sing of dangers past."

**170.** C. M. Fawcett.

*Knowledge at present imperfect, or Providence mysterious.*

- 1 **THY** way, O God! is in the sea;  
Thy paths I cannot trace;  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thy unbounded grace.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
My captive soul surround,  
Mysterious deeps of Providence,  
My wand'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand,  
My earthly hopes destroy;  
In deep astonishment I stand,  
And ask the reason why?
- 4 As through a glass, I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love;  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;  
I bless thee for the sight:  
When will thy love the rest reveal  
In glory's clearer light?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace;  
And spend an everlasting day,  
In wonder, love and praise.

171. C. M. Hartford Coll.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing,  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

- 2 My gracious Master and my Lord,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,  
Shall feel our sins forgiven ;  
Anticipate our heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

### 172. C. M. H——.

#### *Praise for Redemption.*

- 1 COME, ye redeem'd by Jesus' blood;  
Your grateful songs employ ;  
He brought your wand'ring souls to God,  
And turn'd your grief to joy.
- 2 Think, ransom'd sinner, what a price  
Was paid to set you free !  
Th' eternal Son was nail'd and dy'd  
Upon the bloody tree.



- 3 Our yielding hearts cannot be cold,  
 While viewing such a scene !  
 E'en nature trembled to behold  
 The suff'rings of her King !
- 4 The massy rocks in sunder clave,  
 When Jesus clos'd his eyes ;  
 The sleeping saints leap'd from their graves,  
 And darkness spread the skies.
- 5 Mysterious grace ! all-conquering love !  
 Too deep for angel's ken ;  
 That he whom seraphs praise above,  
 Should die for guilty men.
- 6 Then join, ye ransom'd in the song,  
 And while ye taste his love,  
 Let every saint the theme prolong,  
 Till call'd to praise above.

### 173. C. M. Steele.

#### *Wonders of Redemption.*

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,  
 The Sovereign of the skies,  
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
 That guilty worms might rise ?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
 His radiant throne on high,  
 (Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)  
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffer'd in his stead;  
For man, (O miracle of grace!)  
For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thy atoning blood!  
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends  
To love so full, so free;  
And may I hope *that* love extends  
Its sacred power to me!
- 6 What glad return can I impart  
For favours so divine?  
O take my all—this worthless heart,  
And make it *only* thine.

**174.** L. M. E. Robbins.

*Refuge in Christ.*

- 1 SOV'REIGN of worlds! thy law controls  
The angry waters of the sea;  
Bound'ries they have, nor can they roll  
Beyond the sphere assign'd by thee.
- 2 A sinner vile, with grief oppress'd,  
Crimson'd with guilt, o'erwhelm'd with  
fear,  
Low at thy feet, I kneel confess,  
For my deliverance, Lord, appear.

**177.** L. M. Anon. *Altered.*

*The Believer's hiding place. Ps. xxxii. 7.*

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man;  
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high;  
Despis'd the proffers of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 But thus th' eternal council ran,  
Almighty love, arrest the man;  
I felt the billows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding place.
- 4 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy for my soul appear'd;  
It urg'd me at a pleasant rate,  
To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
- 5 A few more rolling years at most  
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,  
When I shall sing a song of grace,  
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

**178.** 7s. Rippon's Selec.

*Tempted—but flying to Christ the refuge.*

- 1 JESUS! lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll—  
While the tempest still is nigh!

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my *trust* on thee is stay'd;  
All my *help* from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
All in all in thee I find!  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness,  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sins;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

**179.** C. M. Doddridge.

*All men commanded to repent. Acts xvii. 30.*

- 1 "REPENT !" the voice celestial cries,  
Nor longer dare delay :  
The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,  
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
His heralds are despatch'd abroad  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess ;  
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar ;  
For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
- 5 Amazing love ! that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days !  
Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall  
And weep, and love, and praise.

**180.** C. M. Newton.

*There the weary are at rest. Job iii. 17.*

- 1 **COURAGE**, my soul! behold the prize  
The Saviour's love provides;  
Eternal life beyond the skies,  
For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there,  
The weary are at rest;  
Sorrow and sin, and pain and care,  
No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,  
With Satan now are join'd;  
Each acts a too successful part,  
In harassing my mind.
- 4 In conflict with this threefold troop,  
How weary, Lord am I;  
Did not thy promise bear me up  
My soul must faint and die.
- 5 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,  
Though mighty are my foes,  
I shall a conq'ror be at length,  
O'er all that can oppose.
- 6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?  
The crown of glory see!  
The more I toil and suffer here,  
The sweeter rest will be.

**181.**      C. M. Cowper.

*Retirement.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where Satan wages still,  
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With pray'r and praise agree ;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode ;  
Oh ! with what peace and joy and love,  
She communes with her God !
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine ;  
And (all harmonious names in one)  
My SAVIOUR, thou art mine !
- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store ;  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

**182.**      C. M. W. G——.

*Spiritual riches in Christ.*

"Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." John xiv. 27.

- 1 JESUS, how precious is thy name !  
How lovely, dear and sweet !  
Fain would I shout thine endless fame ;  
In thee all beauties meet.

- 2 Life, pardon, peace, thou dost bestow  
On sinners such as me :  
May I thy great salvation know,  
And all thy grandeur see !
- 3 The undeserving and the vile,  
Of his rich grace partake ;  
He views them with a lovely smile,  
For his own mercy's sake.
- 4 In him is an exhaustless store  
Of grace, and strength and rest ;  
That wretched sinners, weak and poor,  
Can need to make them blest.
- 5 Let heavy-laden sinners try ;  
O come to him for rest,  
And on his promises rely,  
Then you'll be truly best.

**183.** C. M. Cennick.

*Lord's Day evening.*

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene ;  
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,  
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here,  
Amidst a world of cares ;  
Incline my heart to pray with love,  
And then accept my prayers.



- 3 [Release my soul from ev'ry chain,  
 No more hell's captive led;  
 And pardon a repenting child,  
 For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul  
 That gives itself to thee;  
 Take all that I possess below,  
 And give thyself to me.]
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
 To be my guide and friend,  
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
 To Sabbaths without end.

**184.** C. M. Newton.

*Plan of Salvation.*

- 1 SALVATION ! what a glorious plan;  
 How suited to our need !  
 The grace that raises fallen man,  
 Is wonderful indeed !
- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,  
 To ransom us when lost;  
 And love's unfathomable mine  
 Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict Justice, with approving look,  
 The holy cov'nant seal'd ;  
 And truth and power undertook  
 The whole should be fulfill'd.

- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,  
In all their glory shone ;  
When Jesus left the courts above,  
And died to save his own.
- 5 (Truth, wisdom, justice, power and love,  
Are equally display'd ;  
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,  
Our advocate and head.)
- 6 Now sin appears deserving death,  
Most hateful and abhorr'd ;  
And yet the sinner lives by faith,  
And dares approach the Lord.

**185.** 7s. J. E——.

*O visit me with thy salvation.* Psalm cvi. 4.

- 1 **WHAT** a wicked wretch am I !  
Vile and sinful are my ways !  
Where for pardon shall I fly,  
But to thee, thou God of grace !  
Guilty, wretched, vile, undone,  
Prostrate at thy feet I lie ;  
Save thro' Jesus Christ thy Son,  
Save me, Lord, or else I die.
- 2 Thro' his blood, that once was spilt,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree ;  
Cleanse, O cleanse me from my guilt,  
Save my soul from misery.

Thro' his death, and burial too,  
 May I daily die to sin;  
 Live a life divinely new,  
 And enjoying peace within.

- 3 By his rising into heaven,  
 And his interceding love,  
 Having all my sins forgiv'n,  
 Guide me safe to realms above.  
 There, with angels may I bless,  
 And adore thy holy name;  
 Wear a crown of righteousness,  
 Giving glory to the Lamb.

**186.** C. M. Rippon's Selec.

*By the grace of God, I am what I am.* 1 Cor. xv. 8.

- 1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy sov'reign grace  
 That all my blessings flow;  
 What'er I am, or do possess,  
 I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'Tis this my powerful lusts control,  
 And pardons all my sin;  
 Spreads life and comfort through my soul,  
 And makes my nature clean.
- 3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,  
 Supports me when I die;  
 And hence ten thousand saints receive  
 Their all, as well as I.

- 4 How full must be the springs, from whence  
Such various streams proceed !  
The ocean cannot but be rich,  
From which so many feed.

**187.** C. M. Miss Harrison.

*By grace are ye saved.* Eph. ii. 8.

- 1 NO more of works I vainly boast,  
Nor so employ my tongue;  
Jesus alone is all my trust,  
Free grace my only song.
- 2 'Twas not in me to seek his face,  
Nor did I ask his love,  
Till he, by his all-powerful grace,  
First drew my thoughts above.
- 3 My free will chose the broader stream,  
That leads to endless pain,  
I sail'd with pleasure there, till God  
Inclin'd me to refrain.
- 4 He saw me helpless and undone,  
A rebel dark and blind,  
And led me to his blessed Son,  
A better way to find.
- 5 By whose rich grace alone I stand,  
Kept by his mighty power,  
Through which I trust ere long to land  
On the celestial shore.

- 6 Then shall I leave all sin's remains,  
 And view his glorious face,  
 And sing in more exalted strains,  
 The freedom of his grace.

**188.** L. M. Rippon's Selec.

*Happy in the salvation of God.* Ps. xlv. 4.

- 1 **INDULGENT** God! to thee I raise  
 My spirit fraught with joy and praise;  
 Grateful I bow before thy throne,  
 My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord! from thee,  
 Perpetual glide to solace me:  
 Their varied virtues to rehearse,  
 Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is beyond the rest,  
 One stream—the widest and the best—  
*Salvation!* Lo, the purple flood  
 Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to wo;  
 I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:  
 Such joy and purity to share,  
 I would remain enraptur'd there,
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know  
 The fulness sought in vain below;  
 The fulness of that boundless sea,  
*Whence flow'd the river down to me.*

- 6 My soul, with such a scene in view,  
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu ;  
Nor dreads a few chastising woes,  
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

**189.** C. M. Gospel Melodies.

*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation.* Heb. ii. 3.

- 1 THE trumpet of salvation sounds,  
In accents loud and clear ;  
While echo every strain rebounds,  
From nations far and near.
- 2 The glorious promises it gives,  
Let no poor soul despise ;  
Who follows its pure precept, lives,  
And who neglects them, dies.
- 3 Say, what can sinful hearts expect,  
Who scorn the sacrifice ;  
So great salvation who reject,  
When offer'd without price?
- 4 Dear Lord, though in my spirit weak,  
And trembling lest I stray,  
May I that one thing needful seek,  
That *Hope* of endless day.
- 5 All things beside are vain and frail,  
Like meteors in the sky ;  
But thy sweet mercies never fail,  
Thy glories never die.

- 6 But Lord, in vain are my desires,  
Without thy guardian care ;  
My anxious, ling'ring, soul requires  
Thy *grace* to lead her there.

**190.** L. M. Newton.

*The sea—its calm of short continuance.*

- 1 IF for a time the air be calm,  
Serene and smooth the sea appears !  
And shows no danger to alarm  
The unexperienc'd landsman's fears.
- 2 But if the tempest once arise,  
The faithless water swells and raves ;  
Its billows, foaming to the skies,  
Disclose a thousand threat'ning graves.
- 3 My untry'd heart thus seem'd to me  
(So little of myself I knew)  
Smooth as the calm unruffled sea,  
But ah ! it prov'd as treach'rous too !
- 4 The peace of which I had a taste,  
When Jesus first his love reveal'd ;  
I fondly hop'd would always last,  
Because my foes were then conceal'd.
- 5 But when I felt the tempter's pow'r,  
Rouse my corruptions from their sleep,  
I trembled at the stormy hour,  
*And saw the horrors of the deep.*

- 6 Lord, save me, or I sink, I pray'd;  
He heard and bid the tempest cease;  
The angry waves his word obey'd,  
And all my fears were hush'd to peace.

**191.** 7s. Newton.

*The World compared to the ocean.*

- 1 SEE, the world for youth prepares  
Harlot like, her gaudy snares;  
Pleasures round her seem to wait,  
But 'tis all a painted cheat.
- 2 So the calm, but faithless sea,  
(Lively emblem, world of thee)  
Tempts the landsman from the shore,  
Foreign regions to explore.
- 3 But ere long the tempest raves,  
And he trembles at the waves:  
Wishes then he had been wise,  
But too late—he sinks and dies.
- 4 Hapless thus, are they, vain world,  
Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd,  
Who admiring thee, untry'd,  
Court thy pleasure, wealth or pride.
- 5 Such a shipwreck had been mine,  
Had not Jesus (name divine!)  
Sav'd me with a mighty hand,  
And restor'd my soul to land.



## 192, 193 AMERICAN SEAMAN'S

- 6 Now, with gratitude I raise  
    Ebenezer to his praise;  
Now, my rash pursuits are o'er,  
    I can trust the world no more.

### 192. C. M. Seaman's Magazine.

*Seamen called on to praise the Lord.*

- 1 YE fearless seamen, praise the Lord;  
    To you the work belongs;  
For God invites you by his word,  
    To raise your gospel songs.
- 2 Rejoice in his redeeming love,  
    His wondrous mercy tell,  
How Christ descended from above,  
    To save your souls from hell.
- 3 Let the sweet praises of his name  
    Resound from pole to pole;  
To every shore his grace proclaim,  
    As far as billows roll.
- 4 At every time, in every place,  
    The glorious theme pursue;  
And long to praise him face to face,  
    In anthems ever new.

### 193. S. M. Watts.

*O come, let us sing unto the Lord. Ps. xcv. 1.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
    And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
    The universal King.

- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
 He gave the seas their bound ;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
 Come, bow before the Lord ;  
 We are his works, and not our own ;  
 He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
 Come, like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your hearts refuse  
 The language of his grace,  
 And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,  
 That unbelieving race ;
- 6 The Lord in vengeance drest,  
 Will lift his hand and swear,  
 " You that despise my promis'd rest,  
 Shall have no portion there."

**194.** L. M. Lond. S. Mag.

*Sailors coming to Christ,*

- 1 GLORY to God, the day's arriv'd,  
 When wand'ring sailors shall be sav'd !  
 Glory to God, the hour is come,  
 To call poor banished sailors home.

- 2 Long strangers to themselves and God,  
They still pursued the downward road ;  
Now sov'reign mercy bids them stay,  
And guides them in the narrow way.
- 3 To Zion weeping they return,  
And o'er their past transgressions mourn,  
Mourn for that Friend whose blood was spilt  
To wash away their load of guilt.
- 4 Jesus, the deep now owns thy sway,  
And ransom'd sailors hail the day !  
While they behold, like lightning's blaze,  
The gospel spread wide o'er the seas.
- 5 Glory to thee, our gracious Lord,  
We joyful sing with one accord,  
That sailors, long a rebel race,  
Return to seek their Father's face.

### 195. C. M.

Written in the Mariners' Church, N. Y. by "Boston Bard."

#### *Hope for Sailors.*

- 1 BLEST be the voice now heard afar,  
O'er the dark rolling sea,  
That whispers to the hardy tar,  
"Sailor, there's hope for thee."
- 2 Blest be that pure, that Christian love,  
That boundless charity,  
That bears the Olive, like the dove,  
Brave, generous tar, to thee.

- 3 Blest be those lips, in accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
That first proclaim'd to ocean's child,  
Poor sailor, love to thee.
- 4 Long hadst thou rode the foamy wave,  
From sin nor danger free,  
Till mercy stretch'd her arm to save,  
To save, brave sailor, thee.
- 5 God of the just ! Oh ! lend thine ear,  
A blessing rich decree  
On those who spread these tidings dear ;  
"Sailor, there's hope for thee."

**196.** C. M. Mariner's Mag.

*On hearing singing in the Mariners' Church.*

- 1 HOW sweet the songs of Zion sound  
When seamen tune their voice,  
In praise to him who reigns on high,  
And bids the world rejoice.
- 2 These tongues, which once their God blas-  
phem'd,  
Now sound his praises high ;  
For that sweet gospel, and its grace,  
Which brings a Saviour nigh.
- 3 They sing, to tell how God has giv'n  
Deliv'rance from the storm,  
And brought them to their port in peace,  
By his almighty arm.

- 4 They sing, to tell of all the love  
Of him who died to save ;  
Who now in glory reigns above,  
To rescue from the grave.
- 5 Sing on, dear seamen, sing and tell  
Of all Emmanuel's love !  
And may you rise and sit on high,  
And reign with him above.

**197. C. M. Z——.**

*"The disciple who leaned on his breast. John xxi. 20.*

- 1 A SAILOR once whom Jesus lov'd,  
Lean'd on his breast and fed,  
While Christ the Lord, at supper prov'd  
Himself the living bread.
- 2 O honour'd saint, O glorious place,  
The bosom of our God,  
What can so much display his grace,  
To those he bought with blood.
- 3 But may a sailor poor and low,  
Weary of wandering here,  
May I, tho' vile, be favour'd so,  
And dry up ev'ry tear ?
- 4 And can'st thou, wilt thou, dearest Lord,  
Give my poor soul this rest,  
Shall I, when storms fulfil thy word,  
Repose upon thy breast ?

- 5 Then farewell home, and other charms,  
 Your influence now shall cease,  
 Reclin'd in Christ my Saviour's arms,  
 I rest in endless peace.

**198.** C. M. Z——.

*Christ's companions in the garden. Matth. xxvi. 37.*

- 1 **WHO** were the highly honour'd three,  
 Selected by the Lord,  
 To enter sad Gethsemane,  
 When vengeance drew its sword?
- 2 O **grace** how rich! how free! that chose,  
 Seamen of Galilee;  
 When Jesus sunk beneath our woes,  
 In blood-stain'd agony.
- 3 May sailors for this haven steer,  
 And see their Jesus there,  
 Behold his bloody sweat, and hear  
 His agonizing prayer.
- 4 Be then this port my chief delight,  
 Till moor'd in heav'n above;  
 Weeping, I'll gaze upon the sight,  
 And be dissolv'd in love.

**199.** C. M. Cowper.

*Self-acquaintance.*

- 1 **DEAR** Lord! accept a sinful heart,  
 Which of itself complains;  
 And mourns, with much and frequent smart,  
 The evil it contains.

- 2 The fiery seeds of anger lurk,  
Which often hurt my frame;  
And wait but for the tempter's work,  
To fan them to a flame.
- 3 Legality holds out a bribe  
To purchase life from thee;  
And discontent would fain prescribe,  
How thou shalt deal with me.
- 4 While unbelief withstands thy grace,  
And puts the mercy by;  
Presumption with a brow of brass,  
Says, "give me or I die."
- 5 How eager are my thoughts to roam  
In quest of what they love!  
But ah! when duty calls them home,  
How heavily they move!
- 6 O cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,  
Transform me by thy pow'r,  
And make me thy belov'd abode,  
And let me rove no more.

**200.** C. M. Kirkham,

*Self-denial, or bearing the cross.*

- 1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be?

- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine;  
And make me truly bold;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,  
And treat me with disdain;  
Still may I glory in thy name,  
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my pow'rs resign;  
Let wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.

**201.** L. M. Edmeston.

*The ship driven from her moorings, or "Christ a  
hiding place from the wind." Is. xxxii. 2.*

- 1 BENEATH a reef the ship was moor'd,  
The threat'ning tempest to endure;  
Loud rag'd the storm, but all on board  
Fear'd not, but deem'd their hold was sure.
- 2 The storm increas'd, the cable gave;  
Strong was the force, and swift the shock;  
The ship was driven along the wave,  
And dash'd upon a hidden rock.
- 3 An earthly refuge may deceive;  
This has been often prov'd before;  
But who in Christ did e'er believe,  
And found that trust could aid no more.



202, 203 AMERICAN SEAMAN'S

4 Eternal refuge from despair !

This, well I know, could never be ;  
What storm could rage, and reach me there ?  
What power could drive my soul from  
thee ?

**202.** L. M. Rippon's Selection.

*Expostulation.*

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ?

Why in such dreadful haste to die ;  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
Heedless against thy God to fly ;

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,

Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams ?  
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames ?

3 Stay, sinner ! on the gospel plains,

Behold the God of love unfold  
The wonders of his dying pains,  
For ever telling, yet untold.

**203.** L. M. Rippon's Selection.

*I made haste, and delayed not.* Ps. cxix. 60.

1 HASTEN, O sinner to be wise,

And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

- 2 O hasten, *mercy to implore*,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this ev'ning's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, *to return*,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest*,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!  
Now rouse him from his senseless state!  
O let him not thy counsel spurn,  
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

**204.** C. M. Fawcett.

*Let the wicked forsake his ways, &c. Is. lv. 7.*

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;  
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;  
He calls you by his sovereign word,  
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
You live devoid of peace;  
A thousand stings within your breast,  
Deprive your souls of ease.

- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;  
Why will you persevere?  
Can you in endless torments dwell,  
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
Of sin and folly go?  
In pain you travel all your days,  
To reap immortal wo!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live  
Through his abounding grace:  
His mercy will the guilt forgive,  
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
Renouncing ev'ry sin;  
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;  
He pardons like a God;  
He will forgive your num'rous faults,  
Through a Redeemer's blood.

**205. C. M. Beddome.**

*The trembling sinner.*

- 1 CLOUDS big with wrath hang o'er my head,  
And awful thunders roll,  
Terrific scenes before me spread,  
And fill my guilty soul.

the sinner's only hope,  
y saving power display,  
r my sinking spirits up,  
d take my sins away.

ess, forlorn, and in distress,  
eave the pensive sigh;  
ou, dear Lord, my hiding place,  
ile danger is so nigh.

me thou my soul hast bought,  
th blood so rich and free,  
will relieve my anxious thought,  
d bind my heart to thee.

**206.** 7s. Newton.

*Sin's deceit.*

when view'd by scripture light,  
orrid hateful sight;  
when seen in Satan's glass,  
it wears a pleasing face.

the cross I view by faith,  
madness, poison, death;  
ot me not, 'tis all in vain,  
I ne'er can yield again.

for a while debarr'd,  
he finds me off my guard,  
his glass before my eyes,  
ly other thoughts arise.

- 4 What before excited fears,  
Rather pleasing now appears ;  
If a sin, it seems so small,  
Or, perhaps, no sin at all.
- 5 Often thus, through sin's deceit,  
Grief, and shame, and loss I meet ;  
Like a fish, my soul mistook,  
Saw the bait, but not the hook.
- 6 Oh ! my Lord, what shall I say ;  
How can I presume to pray ?  
Not a word have I to plead,  
Sins like mine, are black indeed !
- 7 Made by past experience wise,  
Let me learn thy word to prize ;  
Taught by what I've felt before,  
Let me Satan's glass abhor.

**207.** L. M. Cowper.

*Hatred of sin.*

- 1 HOLY Lord God ! I love thy truth,  
Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;  
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,  
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,  
Hope bids me still with patience wait ;  
Till death shall set me free from sin,  
Free from the only thing I hate.

- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,  
 Where angels and archangels dwell;  
 One sin, unslain, within my breast,  
 Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.
- 4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,  
 And bless'd with liberty again,  
 Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear  
 One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,  
 When glory crowns the Christian's head;  
 One view of Jesus, as he is,  
 Will strike all sin for ever dead.

**208.** C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

*Indwelling sin lamented.*

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,  
 Here at thy feet, my God,  
 My passion, pride and discontent,  
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
 So false as mine has been;  
 So faithless to its promises,  
 So prone to ev'ry sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands  
 Are holy, just and true;  
 Tells me whate'er my God demands,  
 Is his most righteous due.

- 4 Reason I hear, ~~her~~ counsels weigh,  
 And all her words approve;  
 But still I find it hard t' obey,  
 And harder yet to love.
- 4 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
 These strugglings in my breast?  
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
 And give my conscience rest?
- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,  
 And set the captive free;  
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,  
 And haste to rescue me.

**209.** C. M. Watts.

*Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

- 1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
 Awake my sluggish soul;  
 Nothing ~~has~~ half thy work to do,  
 Yet ~~nothing's~~ half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,  
 Labour, and tug, and strive,  
 Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,  
 How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sakes all nature stands,  
 And stars their courses move;  
 We, for whose guard the angel bands  
 Come flying from above.

- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown,  
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, holy dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move;  
Upwards our souls shall rise :  
With hands of faith and wings of love,  
We'll fly and take the prize.

**210.** C. M. Newton. *Altered.*

*The sluggard.*

- 1 THE wishes that the sluggard frames,  
Will surely fruitless prove ;  
With folded arms he stands and dreams,  
But has no heart to move,
- 2 No hardship he, or toil can bear,  
No difficulty brave ;  
He wastes his hours at home for fear  
Of dangers on the wave.
- 3 'Tis often thus, in soul concerns,  
The gospel sluggards see ;  
Who, if a wish would serve their turns,  
Might true believers be.



- 4 But when the Bible bids them watch,  
And seek, and strive, and pray,  
At ev'ry poor excuse they catch,  
And waste the passing day.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy pow'r appear,  
The outward call to aid ;  
These drowsy souls can only hear  
The voice that wakes the dead.

**211.** S. M. New Selec.

*The song of Moses and the Lamb.* Rev. xv. iii.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For all whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues,  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ th' eternal King.
-

- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,  
Ye blessed children, come;  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his pilgrims home.

**212.** C. M. Rippon's Selection.

*The work of the Spirit represented by the wind ; or,  
sovereign saving grace. John iii. 8.*

- 1 THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,  
Blows when and where he please ;  
How happy are the men who feel  
The soul-enliv'ning breeze.
- 2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,  
Subdues the pow'r of sin,  
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,  
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,  
Applies redeeming blood,  
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,  
And brings us near to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul  
With life, and light, and joy ;  
None can thy mighty pow'r control,  
Thy glorious work destroy.

**213.** L. M. Doddridge.

*The Spirit's influence compared to living water.*

- 1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,  
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!  
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,  
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,  
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,  
More needs the current to obtain,  
Or, to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring!  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side,  
Through all the desert gently glide;  
Then, in Emmanuel's land above,  
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

**214.** S. M. Rippon's Selec.

*The Holy Spirit invoked.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine;  
And on this poor benighted soul,  
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,  
Life, light, and joy dispense!  
And may I daily, hourly feel  
Thy quick'ning influence.

- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart ;  
    This stubborn will subdue ;  
    Each evil passion overcome,  
    And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be,  
    But thine shall be the praise ;  
    And unto thee I will devote  
    The remnant of my days.

**215.** L. M. Hart. *Altered.*

*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not  
pass away. Matth. xxiv. 35.*

- 1 THE moon and stars shall lose their light,  
    The sun shall sink in endless night ;  
    Both heav'n and earth shall pass away.  
    The works of nature all decay ;
- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,  
    And shelter in his wounded side,  
    Shall see the danger overpast,  
    Stand ev'ry storm and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said, *must* be fulfill'd,  
    On this firm rock believers build ;  
    His word shall stand, his truth prevail,  
    And not one jot or tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this, (ye seamen hear,)  
    " Believe on me, and banish fear :  
    But he that will not me obey,  
    Shall perish in the last great day."

**216.** C. M. Gospel Melodies.

*"It is I, be not afraid."* Matth. xiv. 27.

- 1 LOST in a storm of guilt, my soul!  
No pilot at the helm;  
The mountain billows seem to roll,  
Prepar'd to overwhelm.
- 2 In vain I seek some friendly shore,  
To save my shatter'd bark;  
But rending tempests round me roar,  
Terrific, deep and dark.
- 3 Death glares in his most awful form,  
Before my sinful heart,  
He rides upon the mingling storm,  
And shakes his quiv'ring dart!
- 4 When sudden as the billows ride,  
In robes of white array'd,  
A form appear'd, and sweetly cried—  
" 'Tis I, be not afraid !"
- 5 Peace to my rescu'd soul he deign'd  
With matchless grace to give;  
And bade me, tho' with guilt thus stain'd,  
Repent, believe and live.
- 6 'Twas Jesus o'er the waters came,  
And sav'd me from despair;  
That I in heaven might praise his name,  
With rescu'd millions there.

**217.** C. M. Newton.*Thunder.*

- 1 WHEN a black overspreading cloud  
Has darken'd all the air;  
And peals of thunder roaring loud,  
Proclaim the tempest near;
- 2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,  
The sinner oft pursue;  
A louder storm is heard within,  
And conscience thunders too.
- 3 The law a fiery language speaks,  
His danger he perceives;  
Like Satan who his ruin seeks,  
He trembles and believes.
- 4 But when the sky serene appears,  
And thunders roll no more;  
He soon forgets his vows and fears,  
Just as he did before.
- 5 But whither shall the sinner flee,  
When nature's mighty frame,  
The pond'rous earth, and air and sea,  
Shall all dissolve in flame?
- 6 Lord, let thy mercy find a way  
To touch each stubborn heart;  
That they may never hear thee say,  
"Ye cursed ones, depart."

218, 219 AMERICAN SEAMAN'S

**218.** L. M. Cowper.

*Temptation compared to a storm.*

- 1 **THE** billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide, and guard me through the storm ;  
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,  
Control the waves, say "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,  
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb;  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy rain,  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

**219.** C. M. Newton.

*The storm—temptation hushed.*

- 1 'TIS past—the dreadful stormy night  
Is gone with all its fears !  
And now I see returning light,  
The Lord, my Sun, appears.

- 2 Ah! Lord, since thou didst hide thy face,  
What has my soul endur'd?  
But now 'tis past, I feel thy grace,  
And all my wounds are cur'd.
- 3 Before corruption, guilt and fear,  
My comforts blasted, fell;  
And unbelief discover'd near,  
The dreadful depths of hell.
- 4 But Jesus pity'd my distress,  
He heard my feeble cry;  
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 5 Lord, since thou thus hast broke my bands,  
And set the captive free;  
I would devote my tongue, my hands,  
My heart, my all to thee.

**220.** L. M. H. K. White.

*The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky;  
One star, alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the seaman's wandering eye.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my wandering bark.



- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem :  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace !
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem ;  
For ever and for evermore,  
The star—the star of Bethlehem.

[ **221.** 7s. Newton.

*Summer Storms.*

- 1 THO' the morn may be serene,  
Not a threat'ning cloud be seen ;  
Who can undertake to say  
'Twill be pleasant all the day ?  
Tempests suddenly may rise,  
Darkness overspread the skies !  
Lightnings flash, and thunders roar,  
Ere a short liv'd day is o'er.
- 2 Often thus the child of grace,  
Enters on his Christian race ;  
Guilt and fear are overborne,  
'Tis with him a summer's morn ;

Till dark clouds his sun conceals,  
Till temptation's power he feels ;  
Then he trembles and looks pale,  
All his hopes and courage fail.

Try'd believers too can say,  
In the course of one short day,  
Tho' the morning has been fair,  
Prov'd a golden hour of pray'r ;  
Sin and Satan long ere night,  
Have their comforts put to flight ;  
Ah ! what heartfelt peace and joy,  
Unexpected storms destroy.

Dearest Saviour, call us soon  
To thine high eternal noon ;  
Never there shall tempests rise  
To conceal thee from our eyes ;  
Satan shall no more deceive,  
We no more thy Spirit grieve ;  
But thro' cloudless, endless days,  
Sound to golden harps thy praise.

**222.** C. M. Cowper.

*Human Frailty.*

WEAK and irresolute is man ;  
The purpose of to-day  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow sends away.

S

- 2 The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain ;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.
- 3 Some foe to his upright intent,  
Finds out his weaker part ;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 4 'Tis here the folly of the wise,  
Through all his art we view ;  
And, while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.
- 5 Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
And dangers little known,  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 6 But oars alone can ne'er prevail,  
To reach the distant coast,  
The breath of heav'n must fill the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

**223.** S. M. Cowper.

*Dependence.*

- 1 TO keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl ;  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.

- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream ;  
It is not at our own command,  
But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,  
Nor confidently say,  
" I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"  
But grant I never may.
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone ;  
And e'en an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide ;  
This more exalts the King of Kings,  
Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store ;  
Grace issues from his throne ;  
Whoever says, " I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

●  
**224.** C. M. Cowper.

*Submission to the will of God.*

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign,  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.

- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears.
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee!  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
Thou art engag'd to grant;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

●  
**225.** L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

*The Lord God, a Sun. Ps. lxxxiv. 11.*

- 1 GREAT God! amid the darksome night,  
Thy glories dart upon my sight,  
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold  
'The silver moon and stars of gold.

- 2 But when I see the sun arise,  
And pour his glories o'er the skies,  
In more stupendous forms I view,  
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
- 3 In ev'ry work thy hands have made,  
Thy pow'r and wisdom are display'd :  
But O! what glories all divine  
In my incarnate Saviour shine !
- 4 He is my Sun : beneath his wings  
My soul securely sits and sings ;  
And there enjoys, like those above,  
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 5 Oh, may the vital strength and heat,  
His cheering beams communicate,  
Enable me my course to run,  
With the same vigour as the sun,

**226.** C. M. Wesley.

*Sunshine entreated.*

- 1 ETERNAL sun of righteousness,  
Display thy beams divine ;  
And cause the glory of thy face,  
Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light in thy light, O may I see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove,  
Reviv'd and cheer'd, and blest by thee,  
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
 And let thy happy child  
 Behold, without a cloud between,  
 The Godhead reconcil'd.

4 That all-comprising peace bestow,  
 On me, through grace forgiv'n,  
 The joys of holiness bestow,  
 And then the joys of heav'n.

227. C. M. Cowper.

*The happy change, or sunshine enjoyed.*

1 HOW blest thy creature is, O God,  
 When with a single eye,  
 He views the lustre of thy word,  
 The dayspring from on high.

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,  
 And frown on earthly things,  
 The sun of righteousness he eyes,  
 With healing in his wings.

3 The soul a dreary province once,  
 Of Satan's dark domain,  
 Feels a new empire form'd within,  
 And owns a heav'nly reign.

4 The glorious orb, whose golden beams  
 The fruitful year control,  
 Since first obedient to thy word,  
 He started from the goal,

- 5 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys  
His orient beams impart;  
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone,  
Can shine upon the heart.

**228.** 8. 8. 8. Kippis.

*Thanksgiving for national prosperity.*

- 1 How rich thy gifts, Almighty King !  
From thee our public blessings spring :  
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
The treasures liberty bestows ;  
The eternal joys the gospel shows,  
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
Which pours from every foreign shore ;  
Science and art their charms display :  
Religion teaches us to raise,  
Our voices to our Maker's praise,  
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts and joyful tongues,  
To God we raise united songs ;  
Here still may God in mercy reign :  
Crown our just counsels with success,  
And peace and joy our borders bless,  
And all our sacred rights maintain.



**229.** C. M. Newton.*What shall I render? Ps. cxvi. 12—13.*

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what can'st thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring him forth?  
My best is stain'd, and dy'd with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,  
For all he has bestow'd;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor;  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,  
No works have I to boast!  
Yet would I glory in the thought,  
That I shall owe him most.

**230.** C. M. Watts.*Thanks for deliverance.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,  
My off'rings shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God !  
How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
How great thy grace to me !  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move ;  
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record ;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

**231.** L. M. Watts' Sermons.

*Things of good report, or choosing the company of the righteous.*

- 1 IS it a thing of good report,  
To squander life and time away ?  
To cut the hours of duty short,  
While toys and follies waste the day ?

- 2 Doth this become the Christian name,  
To venture near the tempter's door,  
To sort with men of evil fame,  
And yet presume to stand secure?
- 3 Am I my own sufficient guard,  
While I expose my soul to shame?  
Can the short joys of sin reward  
The lasting blemish of my name?
- 4 O may it be my constant choice  
To walk with men of grace below,  
Till I arrive where heavenly joys,  
And never fading honours grow.

### 232. L. M. Cowper.

*My soul thirsteth for God. Ps. xlii. 2.*

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,  
The vain delight of earth to share;  
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,  
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;  
And taught me to esteem as dross,  
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace, that springs from thee,  
That quickens all things where it flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn like me,  
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown !  
 No longer sink below the brim ;  
 But overflow, and pour me down,  
 A living and life-giving stream !
- 5 For sure of all the plants that share  
 The notice of my Father's eye ;  
 None proves less grateful to his care,  
 Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

**233.** C. M. Watts.

*God the Thunderer ; or, the last Judgment and Hell.*

Made in a great storm of thunder, Aug. 1697.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts ;  
 And thou, O earth, adore :  
 Let death and hell, through all their coasts  
 Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky ;  
 He makes the clouds his throne ;  
 There all his stores of lightning lie,  
 Till vengeance dart them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,  
 And from his awful tongue  
 A sov'reign voice divides the flames,  
 And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,  
 When this incensed God  
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,  
 And fling his wrath abroad.

- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?  
He once defied the Lord!  
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,  
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,  
To blast the rebel worm,  
And beat upon his naked soul,  
In one eternal storm.

**234.** L. M. W. R.—

*Reflections on a thunder storm.*

- 1 WHEN lightnings flash and thunders roar,  
And storms and tempests rend the sky;  
The sinner dreads the Thund'rer's pow'r,  
And fears some awful vengeance nigh.
- 2 If now he calls his sins to mind,  
And conscience stares him in the face,  
His trembling soul is half inclin'd,  
To own his need of pard'ning grace.
- 3 But when the burning blaze is o'er,  
And the tremendous tempests cease,  
The thund'ring voice he fears no more,  
Hush'd with the boist'rous storm to peace.
- 4 Lord, I would fear thee while 'tis *calm*,  
And the horizon bright and clear,  
When no dark clouds portend a storm,  
Nor one *apparent* danger near.

- 5 In life's most calm and blissful hour,  
 A precious Jesus I'll embrace;  
*His* name, *his* truth, *his* pow'r adore;  
 When least I *seem* to need his grace.
- 6 Thy love be my supreme desire,  
 Long as I draw my vital breath;  
 Then will my God *himself* be near,  
 In the devouring storm of death.

**235.** S. M. Tract Mag.

*"My times are in thy hand."* Ps. xxxi. 15.

- 1 "My times are in thy hand,"  
 My God I wish them there;  
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave,  
 Entirely to thy care.
- 2 "My times are in thy hand,"  
 Whatever they may be,  
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 "My times are in thy hand,"  
 Why should I doubt or fear?  
 My father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.
- "My ~~times~~ are in thy hand,"  
 Jesus the crucified;  
 The hand my cruel sins had pierc'd,  
 Is now my guard and guide.

6 "My times are in thy hand,"  
 Jesus my Advocate ;  
 Nor shall thy hand be stretch'd in vain.  
 For me to supplicate.

6 "My times are in thy hand,"  
 I'll always trust in thee ;  
 And, after death at thy right hand  
 I shall for ever be.

### 236. C. M. New Selec.

*Tribulation.* John xvi. 33.

- 1 YE that would after Jesus press,  
 Should fix this firm and sure ;  
 That tribulation, more or less,  
 You must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt ;  
 'Tis God's own wise decree ;  
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
 Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,  
 And unbelief within :  
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt ;  
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up ;  
 And then how proud we grow !  
 Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
 And down we sink as low.

- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,  
To catch the wandering heart ;  
And seldom do we see the snares,  
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,  
Pursue the narrow path ;  
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,  
And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong ;  
His promises are true ;  
We shall be conq'rors all ere long,  
And more than conq'rors too.

**237.** L. M. Newton.

*Trust in God.*

- 1 THAT man no guards or weapons needs,  
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows ;  
But safe may pass, if duty leads,  
Thro' burning sands or mountain snows.
- 2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear ;  
Redemption is his shield and tow'r ;  
He sees his Saviour always near,  
To help in ev'ry trying hour.
- 3 Though I am weak and Satan strong,  
And often to assault me tries ;  
When Jesus is my shield and song,  
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.



- 4 His love possessing, I am blest,  
 Secure whatever change may come ;  
 Whether I go to east or west;  
 With him I still shall be at home.
- 5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,  
 Though winter reigns with rigour there :  
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,  
 And make a spring throughout the year.
- 6 Or if the desert's sunburnt soil,  
 My lonely dwelling e'er should prove ;  
 His presence would support my toil,  
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

**238.** 11s. Newton.

*I will trust and not be afraid.* Is. xii. 2.

- 1 **BEGONE** unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear.  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the  
 storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my  
 guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all  
 fail,  
 The word he has spoken, shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think,  
*He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;*

Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite  
through.

Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,  
When Satan's blind slave I sported with death;  
And can he have taught me to trust in his  
name,  
and thus far have brought me, to put me to  
shame?

Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain? He told me no less:  
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation, must follow their  
Lord.

How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might  
live!  
His way was much rougher, and darker than  
mine;  
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

Since all that I meet, shall work for my  
good,  
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;  
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before  
long,  
And then, Oh! how pleasant the conqueror's  
song!

**239.** 148th. De Courcy.*The Christian's spiritual voyage.*

1 JESUS, at thy command  
 I launch into the deep,  
 And leave my native land,  
 Where sin lulls all asleep:  
 For thee I would the world resign,  
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;  
 My compass is thy word:  
 My soul each storm defies,  
 While I have such a Lord!  
 I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r,  
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep;  
 Through all my passage lie;  
 Yet Christ will safely keep,  
 And guide me with his eye:  
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,  
 And I each boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,  
 The port of endless rest;  
 My soul thy sails expand,  
 And fly to Jesus' breast!

Now may I reach the heavenly shore,  
 Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 When'er becalm'd I lie,  
 And storms forbear to toss;  
 Be thou, dear Lord! still nigh,  
 Lest I should suffer loss!  
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread  
 Than billows bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow  
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,  
 Waft me from all below,  
 To heav'n my destin'd place!  
 Then in full sail, my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

**240. C. M. R. L.**

*Voyage to Canaan. Gen. xii. 5.*

- 1 BLEST are the happy souls who prove  
 The gift of saving grace;  
 They triumph in redeeming love,  
 While onward still they press.
- 2 Thro' aid divine they've chose the course,  
 That leads to Canaan's shore,  
 Where love and joy for ever flow,  
 And fears distress no more.
- 3 What tho' their passage here below  
 Is full of grief and pain,  
 To Zion's holy mount they go,  
 With Jesus there to reign.

- 4 His promise ever is the same;  
 He is a God of love;  
 And they shall shortly praise his name  
 In Salem's courts above.
- 5 O happy men, who thus are kept  
 By his Almighty pow'r!  
 They safely will be landed there,  
 On heaven's eternal shore.

241. C. M. Newton.

*Paul's voyage. Act. xxvii.*

- 1 IF Paul in ~~Cornwall~~ court must stand,  
 He need not fear the sea;  
 Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand  
 By the divine decree.
- 2 Although the ship in which he sail'd,  
 By dreadful storms was tost;  
 The promise over all prevail'd,  
 And not a life was lost.
- 3 Jesus! the God whom Paul ador'd,  
 Who saves in time of need;  
 Was then confess'd by all on board,  
 A present help indeed!
- 4 Believers thus are toss'd about,  
 On life's tempestuous main;  
 But grace assures beyond a doubt,  
 They shall their port attain.

- 5 They must, they shall one day appear  
 Before their Saviour's throne;  
 The storms they meet with by the way,  
 But make his power known.
- 6 Their passage lies across the brink  
 Of many a threat'ning wave;  
 The world expects to see them sink,  
 But Jesus lives to save.
- 7 Lord, tho' we are but feeble worms,  
 Yet since thy word is past,  
 We'll venture through a thousand storms,  
 To see thy face at last.

**242.** 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6. Newton.

*Warning.*

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think;  
 Before you farther go!  
 Will you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting wo?  
 Once again, I charge you stop!  
 For, unless you warning take,  
 Ere you are aware, you'll drop  
 Into the burning lake!
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you will his oppose?  
 Fear you not that iron rod,  
 With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that dread day,  
When he judgment shall proclaim,  
And the earth shall melt away  
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,  
To drag you to his bar;  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair :  
All your sins will round you crowd,  
Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply?

4 But as yet there is a hope,  
You may his mercy know ;  
Though his arm is lifted up,  
He still forbears the blow :  
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,  
Sinners he invites to come ;  
None who come shall be deny'd,  
He says, " There still is room."

**243.** L. M. Barbould.

*The Christian warfare.*

1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise  
In long array, a numerous host ;  
Awake my soul or thou art lost.


- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all ; guard every part,  
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 Come then, my soul ! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ;  
Put on thy armour from above  
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 5 The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;  
The man of Calvary triumph'd here ;  
Why should his faithful followers fear.

**244.** C. M. Watts' Lyrics.

*The comparison and complaint.*

- 1 INFINITE power, eternal Lord,  
How sovereign is thy hand !  
All nature rose t' obey thy word,  
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course thy shining sun,  
Keeps his appointed way :  
And all the hours obedient run,  
The circles of the day.



- 
- 3 But ah ! how wide my spirit flies  
And wanders from her God !  
My soul forgets the heavenly pri  
And treads the downward roa
- 4 Great God, create my soul anew  
Conform my heart to thine,  
Melt down my will, and let it flo  
And take the mould divine.
- 5 Then shall my feet no more depa  
Nor wandering senses rove ;  
Devotion shall be all my heart,  
And all my passions love.

**245.** C. M. Watts' Ly

*A song to creating wisdom.*

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we p  
Thee the creation sings !  
With thy lov'd name, rocks hills  
And heaven's high palace ring
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spread th  
How glorious to behold !  
Ting'd with the blue of heav'nly  
And starr'd with sparkling gol
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature rou  
And strike the gazing sight,  
Through skies and seas, and sol  
With terror and delight.

- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill,  
Shine through the world abroad,  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder, God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace  
Our softer passions move;  
Pity divine in Jesus' face,  
We see, adore, and love.

**246.** C. M. Newton.

*Waiting at Wisdom's gates. Prov. viii. 34, 35.*

- 1 ENSNAR'D too long my heart has been,  
In folly's hurtful ways;  
Ah! may I now, at length, begin  
To hear what wisdom says!
- 2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,  
Invites me to his rest;  
He calls poor sinners to his feet,  
To make them truly blest.
- 3 Approach my soul to wisdom's gate,  
While it is call'd to-day;  
No one that watches there and waits,  
Shall e'er be turn'd away.
- 4 He will not let me seek in vain,  
For all who trust his word,  
Shall everlasting life obtain,  
And favour from the Lord.

5 Lord, I have hated thee too long,  
And dar'd thee to thy face;  
I've done my soul exceeding wrong,  
In slighting all thy grace.

6 Now I would break my league with d  
And live to thee alone ;  
O let thy Spirit's seal of faith,  
Secure me for thine own.

**247.** L. M. Ap. Rippon's Sel

*The care of the soul the one thing needful.* Luke

1 **WHY** will you lavish out your years  
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?  
While in this various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot ?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind !  
And famish an immortal mind ;  
While angels with regret look down,  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown

3 Th' eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;  
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain  
And shall they join their pleas in vain

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects which you now pursue  
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.

- 5 Almighty God, thy pow'r impart,  
To fix convictions on the heart ;  
Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,  
And makes the haughtiest scorner w

**248.** C. M. Rippon's Selection

*The whole world no compensation for the loss of th*  
Mark viii. 36.

- 1 LORD, shall we part with gold for d  
With solid good for show ?  
Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss  
In everlasting wo ?
- 2 Let us not lose the living God,  
For one short dream of joy ;  
With fond embrace cling to a clod,  
And fling all heav'n away.
- 3 Vain world thy weak attempts forbear ;  
We all thy charms defy ;  
And rate our precious souls too dear,  
For all thy wealth to buy.

**249.** L. M. (1st part) A. Z——.

*Farewell to the world.*

- 1 VAIN world withdraw thy glitt'ring snar  
Nor longer tempt my eyes or ears ;  
Thy boasted joys are base and vain,  
A prelude to eternal pain.
- 2 Thy pleasures cannot bless my mind ;  
Thy gifts are not enough refin'd ;  
My spirit wants superior good,  
Which only can be found in God.

- 3 I bid thee, once for all, adieu ;  
Sublimer pleasures I pursue,  
Which everlastingly arise;  
On which I feast my longing eyes.
- 4 Pleasures which time can ne'er destroy,  
Nor in th' enjoyment ever cloy;  
But endless years abide the same,  
For Jesus feeds the sacred flame.
- 5 Jesus, display thy heav'nly charms,  
And take me to thy loving arms;  
O may my soul thy beauties see,  
And be completely blest in thee.

**249.** L. M. (2d part) Watts.

*Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away:  
Away ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of black despair;  
And whilst I listen'd to your song,  
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
And bid me seek superior bliss.

- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes :  
 O for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There from the bosom of my God  
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;  
 There would I fix my last abode,  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

**250.** C. M. Z——.*A lost world.* 2 Pet. ii. 5.

- 1 A SHIPWRECK'D world bestrew the shores  
 Of vast eternity,  
 While Sinai's thund'ring tempest roars,  
 Man's endless destiny.
- 2 Wreck'd in the storm which sin had rais'd,  
 The whole creation groans,  
 While fiery hills their lightnings blaze,  
 'Mid nature's dying moans.
- 3 But grace—what wonders grace has done!  
 Sinners be not afraid ;  
 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son,  
 And Christ the storm allay'd.
- 4 The rage of heav'n and hell he bore,  
 And died a world to save,  
 Triumphant reached yon blissful shore,  
 Nor left an angry wave.

- 5 Here's refuge from the stormy blast,  
 To Christ let seamen steer;  
 On him be my soul's anchor cast,  
 Millions have harbour'd here.

**251. L. M. Davies.**

*Wreck of nature. Is. xxiv. 18—20.*

- HOW great, how terrible that God  
 Who shakes creation with his nod?  
 He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame  
 Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek  
 For shelter in the general wreck?  
 Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?  
 See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;  
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie;  
 There on the flaming billows tost,  
 For ever—O! for ever lost.
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,  
 Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;  
 Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire,  
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,  
 To thee my all I dare commend;  
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

**252.** C. M. Newton.

- 1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,  
In everlasting day ;  
Through floods and flames the passage lies,  
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,  
Hear and obey his word ;  
Then let us triumph in his name,  
Our Saviour is the Lord.

**253.** C. M. W. G——.

*Affections set on high. Colossians iii. 1—4.*

- 1 BORN from above, the soul aspires  
To realms of endless day ;  
His noblest passions and desires  
On earth disdain to stay.
- 2 He lives above whilst here below ;  
In Christ his life is hid ;  
And endless pleasure he shall know,  
For Jesus so hath said.
- 3 At last with Christ he shall appear,  
And be with glory crown'd :  
Nor death, nor hell, he need not fear,  
Whilst he in Christ is found.



**254.** L. M. Watts.

*At dismissal.*

ESS'D be the Father and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 All of endless joys above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.

lory to thee, great Son of God,  
 From whose dear wounded body rolls,  
 A precious stream of vital blood,  
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,  
 Who in our hearts of sin and wo,  
 Makes living springs of grace arise,  
 And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, we adore,  
 That sea of life, and love unknown,  
 Without a bottom or a shore.

**255.** L. M. H. K. White.

*At parting.*

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren! ere we part,  
 Join every voice and every heart;  
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,  
 But there is yet a happier shore;  
 And there, released from toil and pain,  
 Brethren, we shall meet again.

- 3 Now to God, the Three in One,  
Be eternal glory done ;  
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,  
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

**256.** L. M. Rippon's Selec.

*A propitious gale longed for.*

- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit, come !  
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
But swell my sails and speed my way !
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
And loose my cable from below ;  
But I can only spread my sail ;  
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale."

**257.** C. M. Miss Harrison.

- 1 TO Him that brought salvation nigh,  
Let praise incessant rise ;  
Raise, saints, your hallelujahs high,  
Above the lofty skies.
- 2 Praise God, from whence your comforts flow,  
Sing your Redeemer's love ;  
Praise the eternal Spirit too,  
Who taught you from above.

**258.** S. M. Miss Harrison.

- 1 SALVATION'S work is done,  
The law is all obey'd ;  
To God the Father—God the Son  
Be endless honours paid.
- 2 All glory to his name,  
Who hung upon the tree ;  
Let the whole earth repeat the same,  
He bled and died for me.

**259.** 7s. Rippon's Selec.

*Pleasures of Religion.*

- 1 'TIS religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity !  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end.

**260.** L. M. Watts.

*Baptism.* Matth. **xxviii.** 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,  
" Go teach the nations, and baptize."  
The nations have receiv'd the word,  
Since he ascended to the skies.

- 2 He sits upon the eternal hills,  
With grace and pardon in his hands.  
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,  
To bless the distant Christian lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,  
"For the remission of your sins ;  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shows us what his Gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
As water makes the body clean ;  
And the good Spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;  
O may the great eternal Three  
In heaven our solemn vows record !

**261.** L. M. Watts.

*Believers buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. vi. 3, &c.*

- 1 DO we not know that solemn word,  
That we are bury'd with the Lord ;  
Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.

## 262, 263 AMERICAN SEAMAN'S

- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again ;  
The various lusts we serv'd before,  
Shall have dominion now no more.

### 262. L. M. Rippon's Selec.

*The Administrator.*

- 1 "GO teach the nations and baptize,"  
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries :  
His glad apostles took the word,  
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,  
We to his holy laver bring  
These happy converts, who have known  
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,  
O bless them with peculiar grace :  
Refresh their souls with love divine,  
Let beams of glory round them shine.

### 263. C. M. James Newton.

*After Baptism. Mark, xvi. 16.*

- 1 "PROCLAIM," saith Christ, "my won-  
d'rous grace  
To all the sons of men ;  
He that believes, and is baptiz'd,  
Salvation shall obtain."
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on *those*  
Who, hoping in thy word,  
This day have publicly declar'd,  
That Jesus is *their* Lord.

- 3 With cheerful feet may *they* advance,  
And run the Christian race ;  
And through the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.

**264.** C. M. Doddridge.

*A practical improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.*

- 1 ATTEND, ye children of your God ;  
Ye heirs of glory hear ;  
For accents so divine as these,  
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,  
Your souls to sin must die ;  
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,  
Enthron'd divinely fair ;  
Yet owns himself your brother still,  
And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
On wings of faith and love ;  
Above your choicest treasure lies,  
And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down,  
When we attempt to fly ;  
Lord, send thy strong attractive pow'r  
To raise and fix us high.

## 265. C. M. Watts.

*Faith assisted by sense ; or, Preaching, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 MY Saviour God, my Sov'reign Prince,  
Reigns far above the skies ;  
But brings his graces down to sense,  
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,  
They read and hear his word :  
My touch and taste shall do the same,  
When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is design'd  
To seal his cleansing grace,  
While at his feast of bread and wine,  
He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood  
Can make my flesh so clean,  
As by his Spirit and his blood,  
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats or noblest wines  
So much my heart refresh  
As when my faith goes through the signs,  
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low  
To give his word a seal :  
But the rich grace his hands bestow  
Exceeds the figures still.

**266.** L. M. Watts.

*The Lord's Supper instituted.* 1 Cor. xi. 23.

- 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin,  
Receive and eat the living food;"  
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;  
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
- 4 Do this (he cried) till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 [Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

**267.** S. M. Watts.

*Communion with Christ and his saints.* 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1. [JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.



- 2 For food he gave his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood ;  
Amazing favour, matchless grace,  
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And int'rest in his death.]
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls  
Christ and his members one ;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
His glorious name to raise :  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

**268.** C. M. Watts.

*The agonies of Christ.*

- 1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,  
Our hearts no more repine ;  
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

- 2 In lively figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of Love ;  
Each of us hopes he died for me,  
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,  
While sitting round his board ;  
And back to Calvary she flies,  
To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His soul what agonies it felt  
When his own God withdrew !  
And the large load of all our guilt  
Lay heavy on him too.
- 5 But the divinity within  
Supported him to bear :  
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,  
And made his triumph there.
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, and wrought,  
The wonders of that day ;  
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought  
Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our voices raise ;  
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
And all our lives be praise.

**269. L. M. Watts.**

*Glory in the Cross ; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

- 1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that died;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on thy cause;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead hath left his tomb,  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

**270.** L. M. Beddome.

*Holy admiration and joy.*

- 1 JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes,  
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,  
Love rises to an ardent flame,  
And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections, who can see  
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,  
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,  
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?
- 3 Look, saints, into his opening side;  
The breach how large, how deep, how wide!  
Thence issues forth a double flood  
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.

- 4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows  
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes ;  
Immortal joys come streaming down,  
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing  
The sufferings of my heavenly King ;  
With growing pleasures spread abroad  
The mysteries of a dying God.

**271.** C. M. Dr. J. Stennett,

*For the Lord's Table.*

- 1 LORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place ;
- 2 I that am all defil'd with sin,  
A rebel to my God ;  
I that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room !  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,  
"The feast was made for you ;  
For you I groan'd, and bled and died,  
And rose, and triumph'd too."

- 5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,  
 Lord, we accept thy love ;  
 'Tis a rich banquet we have had ;  
 What will it be above?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
 Join all your praising powers ;  
 No theme is like redeeming love,  
 No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
 I'd give them all to thee :  
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
 Should join the harmony.

**272.** C. M. Dr. S. Stennet.

*My flesh is meat indeed.* John vi. 53—55.

- 1 **HERE**, at thy table, Lord, we meet  
 To feed on food divine :  
 Thy body is the bread we eat,  
 Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
 Himself comes down and dies ;  
 And then invites us thus to feast  
 Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd  
 Upon the shameful cross,  
 For us, his welcome guests, procur'd.  
*These heart-reviving joys.*

His body torn with rudest hands  
 Becomes the finest bread :  
 And, with the blessing he commands,  
 Our noblest hopes are fed.

His blood that from each op'ning vein  
 In purple torrents ran ;  
 Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,  
 That cheers both God and man.

Sure there was never love so free,  
 Dear Saviour, so divine !  
 Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,  
 Which owes so much to thine.

Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
 My soul, my strength, my all,  
 With life itself I'll freely part,  
 My Jesus, at thy call.

### 273. L. M. Steele.

*Communion with Christ at his Table.*

'O Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
 Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd !  
 'Tis vain would our hearts and voices raise  
 cheerful song of sacred praise.

Not all the notes which mortals know  
 : weak, and languishing, and low ;  
 ; far above our humble songs,  
 : theme demands immortal tongues.

- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,  
And humbly worship at his feet;  
O let our warm affections move,  
In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
To see thy wond'rous love display'd,  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential wo,  
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow :  
And thy forgiving smiles impart  
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

### 274. C. M. Doddridge.

*Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.*

- 1 THE King of Heaven his table spreads  
And dainties crown the board;  
Not paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life, are given;  
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed  
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come;  
Come from your most obscure retreats,  
And grace shall find you room.
-

- 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here;  
And millions more still on the way  
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come;  
Nor could the whole assembled world  
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready; come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.

**275.** C. M. Steele.*The wonders of Redemption.*

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high,  
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)  
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffer'd in his stead;  
For man, (O miracle of grace!)  
For man the Saviour bled!



- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
 In thy atoning blood!  
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,  
 And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends,  
 To love so full, so free;  
 And may I hope *that* love extends  
 Its sacred power to me!
- 6 What glad return can I impart  
 For favours so divine?  
 O take my all—this worthless heart,  
 And make it only thine.

## DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honour, praise and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit be ador'd,  
 Where *there* are works to make him known  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

Give to the Father praise,  
 Give glory to the Son;  
 And to the Spirit of his grace,  
 Be equal honours done.

# S U B J E C T S

O F T H E

# H Y M N S,

## P H A B E T I C A L L Y A R R A N G E D.

<i>Hymn and Page</i>	<i>Hymn and Page</i>
<b>A</b>	Choosing the company of good men 231
ALL, or gracious 1	Choosing the better part 15
ope 110	CHRIST, offices and characters of
t 256	All in all 116, 16, 17
the great question 2	A Banner 18
ng to God, or the 3	Bright and morning star 19
saved in, and Christ	Captain of salvation
ever's 40, 125, 4	117, 77
way, or course to 5	Characters of 20
ssings 6	Freedom by him 21
<b>B</b>	Friend 88, 89, 22
DER returning	Gift of God 23
134, 7	Harbour or hiding place,
flag 18	see Refuge 201, 175—178
ymns on 260—265	Head of his people 24
ion 8	Incarnation of 25
Star of, 220	Lamb of God 26
pool of 160	Life of the soul 27
vs the way 9	Light of his people 28
ous uses 10	Messenger of the cove-
ncy of 11	nant 112
and love to it 12	Morning hymn to 29
narrow way, and	One thing needful 247, 30
Christian 40, 13	Physician of the soul
<b>C</b>	31—33
the Lord's children 14	Pilot, 218, 34, 35
	Redeemer, his message 36

<i>Hymn and Page</i>	<i>Hymn and Page</i>
Christ the Rock 37	In hope of rest, 1
Security of 38	Eternity
Transfiguration of 39	Eternal things
Way or gate 40	Evening hymn
Comforts, true and false 41	F
Complaining of inconstancy 42	FAITH, difference be-
Compass 128	tween living and dead
Confession and pardon 43	Its power 69,
Contentment, (see submis- sion) 224, 238, 44	Praise for it
Casting our care on God, or, the Lord will provide 45	Its review and expecta- tion
Conversion, praise for 46	A support to the Chris- tian mariner
A new state and of God 47	Little faith chided and encouraged
Cross, looking at the 131	Shipwreck, concerning it
Bearing the 202	Soundings of, on going into port
D	Submitting to the com- mand
DARKNESS desiring de- liverance from (1st p.) 48	False land
Day-breaking, or the light shining (2d p.) 48	Fall, its effects lamented
Death 49—56	Forgiveness
And eternity 52	Fortitude, and remedies against fear 81, 82, 83,
Near 53	Fortitude and zeal
Against the fear of 54	Forms vain without reli- gion
Wishing to die well 55	Fountain of Christ's blood
Gain 56	Forget him not
Debtor, the happy 57	Freedom by Christ
Dedication to God 58	Friend 22, 88,
Entire 59	G
Deliverance from storms 60, 61	GALE longed for 2
(See Preservation) 168, 169	Gales astern 65,
Deluge, see Ark 4	God, the author of consol- ation
Delight in God 62	His creating wisdom praised 245, 2
Despair prevented 63	Eternity of
Difficulties surmounted 64	His dominion over the sea
Dismissal, hymns for 252—258	
Doxologies 275	
E	
ENCOURAGEMENT un- der defection 65	

<i>Hymn and Page</i>	<i>Hymn and Page</i>
Glory in creation and grace 94	Better than all our fears 113
Goodness of 95	Demanding admittance to the heart 114
Grace and providence 96	Life by his death 115
Omnipresence 97, 98	His name sweet, and precious to believers 116, 117, 118
Providence universal 99	Not ashamed of him 119
Mysterious 172	Not forgetting him 88
Reasoning with men 100	Receiving the soul into the harbour of rest 120
Ready to forgive, see despair prevented 63	I
Sun, see sun 225	Improvement of opportunity afforded 121
Will own his saints in judgment 101	Inconstancy 244, 42
Gospel, a feast 124	Invitation of the Saviour 193, 131, 122, 123
A net 146, 147	To the gospel feast, 274, 124
Grace, a throne of 102	To the weary and heavy laden, 182, 125, 126
Renewing, see new birth 148—150	K
And sovereignty 103	KNOWLEDGE imperfect 170
See also 212, 72, 94—96	L
H	LAND false 78
HARBOUR, or hiding place, see Refuge 174—178	Life, improvement of 121
Heaven ahead, or heavenly joy on earth 104	From Jesus' death 115
Heart of stone 105, 106	The life of the soul, Christ 27, 253
A new one, see new birth 148—150	Light shining, (2d p.) 48
Helmsman, Christ a faithful one, see Pilot 24	Lion tamed, or rebellion overcome 127
"Hinder me not" 64	Loadstone, or compass traversing 128
Holding on in a storm 107	Long-suffering, and patience of God 129
Hope do 218, 108	Lord, my portion 130
In darkness 109	Portion above 161
An anchor to the soul, (1st part) 110	Will provide 45
In the covenant (2d p.) 110	"Look unto me, and be ye saved" 131
Christ the sailor's 111	Looking at the cross 132
Set before us (1st p.) 48	Longing to be with Christ 13
United with penitence 157	Lord's Supper 265—2
J	
JESUS appearing for our salvation 112	

<i>Hymn and Page</i>		<i>Hymn and Page</i>	
Pardoning love	134	Pilot	239, 218, 34, 35
Love to God	135	Pleading with God under	
		distress	159
<b>M</b>		Pleasures of religion	259
MARINER, the heavenly	136	Pool of Bethesda	160
Supported by faith	73	Portion, mine is above	161
His song	239, 137, 138	The Lord my	130
Meditation at sea	139	Prayer for guidance and	
Meeting a countryman		protection	162
from home	140	Encouragement and ex-	
Of christian friends	141	hortation to	163
Meekness	142	Meetings	67, 164—167
Message of the Redeemer		Praise for faith	71
	112, 36	For the Incarnation	25
Middle watch, singing in	143	To the Redeemer	269, 36
Moon, on an eclipse of	144	Preservation, see Deliver-	
Light of	145	ance	137, 138, 168, 169
Morning hymn to Christ	29	Providence and grace	45, 96
		Universal	97, 99
<b>N</b>		Mysterious	170
NET, the gospel	146, 147	Confidence inspired by	
New birth	148—152	it	45, 238
<b>O</b>		<b>Q</b>	
OLD things passed away,		QUESTION, the great one	
see conversion and new		answered	2
birth,	46, 47, 148—152	<b>R</b>	
One thing needful		Redeemer's message	36
	15, 30, 247	Praise to him	171
<b>P</b>		Redemption, praise for	172
PARTING with earthly		Wonders of	173
joys, see world	249	Refuge, harbour or hiding	
With christian friends		place	201, 205, 174—178
	255, 151, 152	Repentance commanded,	
Pardon, see love and for-		see Penitence	53, 179
givenness,	100, 134, 80	Rest in heaven	252, 180
Pearl of great price	182, 153	In the Ark, see Invi-	
Penitence and hope	154, 157	tion	125
Perseverance, or not giving		Resurrection and the life,	
up the ship	158	Christ the	27
Physician of the soul, see		Retirement	181
Christ	31—33	Riches spiritual	182

<i>Hymn and Page</i>	<i>Hymn and Page</i>
<b>S</b>	God calling to him 204
<b>SABBATH</b> without end, (for the Lord's day) 183	Reasoned with 100
<b>Salvation</b> , plan of 184	A trembling, looking to Christ 205
By Christ 117	Waiting at wisdom's gates 246
Desiring to be visited with 185	Sin, deceitful 206
By grace 186, 187	Hatred of it 207
Happy in it 188	Its indwelling lamented 208
Neglect of it ruinous 189	Sloth, spiritual 209, 210
Scriptures, see Bible 9—12	Sorrow godly, see Peni- tence 154—157
<b>Sea</b> , its calm deceitful 190	Song of Moses and the Lamb 211
Compared to the world 191	Sovereignty and grace 103
God's dominion over it 93	Soundings of faith 76
Meditation at 139	Soul, whole world no com- pensation for the loss of it 247, 248
<b>Seamen's Bethel Union</b> 8	Wandering 42, 244
<b>Seamen</b> called on to praise 192, 193	Spirit of God, his influence compared to wind 212
Coming to Christ 194	To water 213
Directed to Christ their friend 22, 89	Called upon 150, 17, 214
Hope for them 195	Stability of God's promi- ses 215
Singing the songs of Zion 196	Star, bright and morning 19
Leaning on Christ's bo- som 197	Of Bethlehem 220
With him in the garden 198	Stony heart, see heart 105, 106
With him in the mount 39	Storm of guilt 216
<b>Self-acquaintance</b> 199	Of Thunder 217
<b>Self-denial</b> , or bearing the cross 200	Of temptation 142, 218
<b>Ship</b> driven from her moor- ings 201	The same hushed 219
<b>Shipwrecks</b> and storms, deliverance from 60, 61	Star appearing in one 220
<b>Shipwreck</b> of nature, see world 250, 251	Of summer 221
Concerning faith 75	Strength of man insuffi- cient 149, 222, 223
<b>Sinner</b> , his danger, warned of it 242	Submission 224
Expostulated with 202	Sufferings of Christ 268, 270
Exhorted to hasten 203	Sun, God a 225
	Sunshine of sun of right- eousness entreated 22

<i>Hymn and Page</i>	<i>Hymn and Page</i>
Sunshine enjoyed 227	W
T	WARNING to the sinner
TEMPTATION, <i>see</i> storm	of danger 242
218, 219	Warfare, the Christian
Thanksgiving for national	243, 244
prosperity 228	Way, the broad, &c. 13, 40
For deliverance 61, 168	"What shall I render?"
Thanks due 229, 230	229, 230
Things of good report, or	Wind spirit compared to 212
choosing good company 231	Wisdom, song to creating 245
Thirsting for God 232	Wisdom's gates, waiting at 246
Thunder 217	Wishing to die well 55
God the Thunderer 233	World. the whole no com-
Reflections on a storm of 234	penensation for the loss of
Times, in God's hand 235	the soul 247, 248
Tribulation, passing thro'	A farewell to it (1st p.) 249
to glory 136, 236	Parting with its joys (2d
Trinity, <i>see</i> hymns for dis-	p.) 249
mission 252—259	Lost or shipwrecked 250, 251
Trust 62, 65, 77	Z
( <i>see</i> confidence and faith)	ZEAL and fortitude 84, 85
237, 238	Concluding Hymns 252, 253,
V	254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259.
VOYAGE, spiritual 136, 239	Hymns for Baptism and the
To Canaan 240	Lord's Supper 260—275
Paul's 241	Doxologies 275

*Note.*—The hymns in this volume are arranged alphabetically, according to the subjects on which they treat.

## INDEX OF SCRIPTURES.

Ch.	v.	Hymn.	Ch.	v.	Hymn.
		Genesis.			
12	5	240	119	72, 105	10
22	14	45	119	97	11, 12
33	11	1	119	136, 158	79
			139		97, 98
			145		99
6	5	135		Proverbs.	
		Numbers.	6	6	209, 210
23	16	55	8	34, 35	246
		1 Kings.		Songs.	
3	5	6	1	3	116, 117
		1 Chron.		Isaiah.	
17	16, 17	72	1	18	100
		Job.	11	27	127
3	17	180	12	2	232, 233
		Psalms.	24	18—20	251
4	6	226	26	4	77
31	15	235	32	2	175, 176, 201
32	7	177, 205	42	10	192, 196
37	4	62	45	22	131
42	3	232	55	1	174, 122
42	5	65	55	7	204
46	1	178, 174		Jeremiah.	
46	4	188	3	22	7, 134
48	14	34, 35	8	22	31, 32
55	8	178, 95	12	5	51, 54
55	19	42	14	7	7
66	16	46	50	5	5
84	11	225		Lamentations.	
95	1	193	3	24	130, 161
103	15	50		Ezekiel.	
106	4	185	36	26	105, 106
107	23—31	60, 61, 93, 95, 137, 138		Hosea.	
		229, 230	3	1	134
116	12, 13	9		Zechariah.	
119	50	203	13	1	87
119	60	143		Malachi.	
119	62		3	1	112



# INDEX.

<i>v.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Ch.</i>	<i>v.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
16—18	101	6	20	81, 82
2	227, 228	6	53—55	272
Matthew.		8	36	21
4 16	29	11	25	27
4 19	146, 147	12	32	18, 128
7 13, 14	13, 40	14	27	182
7 25	38	16	33	236
8 25, 26	61	17	21	8
11 28	125, 126	21	20	197
13 46	153			Acts.
14 27	216	2	38	260
14 31	74	7	59	120
24 35	215	9	6	2
26 37	198	17	30	179
26 38	268	27	24	241
26 39	58	27	28	76
28 19	260, 262			Romans.
Mark.		6	3	261
6 50	83	7	18	199
8 36	248	7	24	208
16 16	263			1 Corinthians.
Luke.		6	20	59
1 78—79	29	10	4	37
2 14	14	10	16—17	267
4 18	36	11	23—26	266
6 5	146	13	12	170
7 42	57	15	8	186
7 47	80	16	13	8
9 23	200			2 Corinthians.
10 42	15, 30	4	18	6
14 22	274, 124	5	17	
15 18	194	6	17—18	
18 1	163	7	6	
22 44	144			Galatians.
23 42	155	6	7	
John.				Ephesians.
1 29	26	2	8	
3 7	148	4	15—16	
3 8	212	5	14	
3 16	23	6	11	
5 2—4	160			Phillipians.
5 6	33	1	6	

# INDEX.

<i>Ch.</i>	<i>r.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Ch.</i>	<i>r.</i>	
1	21	56			
4	11	44	2	17	James.
	Colossians.		4	3	3v.
3	1—4	264, 253			1 Peter.
3	11	16, 17	2	7	
	1 Timothy.		2	24, 25	
1	19	75	3	20, 21	
	2 Timothy.				2 Peter.
1	12	119	1	18	
	Hebrews.		2	5	
2	3	184, 198, 202	3	16	1 John.
3	13	206			
4	8	53	1	9	
4	16	3, 102	2	8	(2d p.)
6	18	48			Revelations.
6	17—19	201, 110	3	20	
9	27	49	15	3	
13	8	92	22	16	

# **I N D E X,**

**TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.**

---

<b>A SAILOR</b> once whom Jesus lov'd	197
<b>A shipwreck'd</b> world bestrews the shores	250
<b>Against the God</b> that rules the sky	175
<b>Almighty Maker, God</b>	86
<b>Almighty King!</b> whose wond'rous hand	96
<b>A lion,</b> though by nature wild	127
<b>Amazing grace!</b> how sweet the sound	72
<b>Am I</b> a soldier of the cross	84
<b>And did the holy</b> and the just	173
<b>And is it so—that,</b> till this hour (1st p.)	42
<b>And is this life</b> prolong'd to me	121
<b>And will the Lord</b> thus condescend	114
<b>Approach, my soul,</b> the mercy seat	3
<b>Arise, my tenderest</b> thoughts, arise	79
<b>As needles</b> point towards the pole	128
<b>At anchor</b> laid, remote from home	256
<b>Attend, my soul,</b> come search and see	30
<b>Awake, and sing</b> the song	211
<b>Awake, my soul!</b> lift up thine eyes	243
<b>Attend, ye children</b> of your God	264
<b>At thy command,</b> our dearest Lord	269
 <b>BEGONE</b> unbelief, my Saviour is near	238
<b>Beneath a reef</b> the ship was moor'd	201
<b>Beset with dangers</b> and with fear	15
<b>Blest are the happy</b> souls who choose	240
<b>Blest be the voice</b> now heard afar	195
<b>Bless'd be the Father</b> and his love	254
<b>Bless'd Jesus,</b> source of grace divine	213
<b>Born from above,</b> the soul aspires	253
<b>Broad is the stream</b> that leads to death	13

---

By the thoughtless world derided 12

**CHILDREN** of God, renounce your fears 33

Christian brethren, ere we part 255

Clouds big with wrath, hang o'er my head 205

Come all who love to pray 163

Come, holy dove, direct my tongue, 17

Come, Holy Spirit, come 214

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare 6

Compar'd with Christ in all beside 16

Come seamen attend to Jesus the Lord 53

Come sound his praise abroad 193

Come sinners, saith the mighty God 100

Come, weary souls, with sins distressed 126

Come we that love the Lord 104

Come ye redeem'd by Jesus' blood 172

Come ye that fear the Lord 46

Courage, my soul! behold the prize 130

**DEAR** Lord! accept a sinful heart 199

Dear Saviour! when my thoughts recall 157

Deep are the wounds which sin has made 31

Destruction's dang'rous road 40

Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame 200

Does the gospel word proclaim 125

Do I believe what Jesus saith 35

Do we not know that solemn word 261

**EMPTY'D** of earth I fain would be 59

Ensna'd too long my heart has been 246

Eternal sun of righteousness 226

Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise 245

**FAREWELL** vain world, to earth adieu 161

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee 181

Fair record of my Father's will 10

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss 70

Father of eternal grace 58

Father of mercies in thy word 22

## INDEX.

Fierce passions discompose the mind	44
Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound	80
For mercies countless as the sands	229
From pole to pole let others roam	130
From the dear flock of Jesus' saints	152
 GLORY to God, the day's arriv'd	 184
God of the seas, thy, thundering voice	99
Go make thy station his dear cross	89
Go worship at Emmanuel's feet	20
Great God, amidst the darksome night	225
Great God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace	186
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	162
" Go teach the nations and baptize"	262
 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes	 96
Hail, sov'reign love, that first began	177
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise	203
Have I that faith whose influence	69
Ho ! every one that thirsts draw nigh	122
Holy Lord God ! I love thy truth	207
How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord	138
How blest the righteous are	55
How blest thy creature is, O God	227
How dark, how drear is man's abode	28
How great and terrible that God	251
How helpless guilty nature lies	149
How long, thou faithful God, shall I	160
How lost was my condition	32
How oft has sin and Satan strove (2d p )	110
How oft, alas ! this wretched heart	134
How rich thy gifts, Almighty King	223
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	116
How sweet the songs of Zion sound	196
Here at thy table, Lord, we meet	272
 I AM, saith Christ, your glorious head	 27
If lifted up on high I be	48
If for a time the air be calm	190

If Paul in Cæsar's court must stand	241
In all my Lord's appointed ways	64
In all my troubles sharp and strong	107
In darkest hours and greatest grief	109
Indulgent God, to thee I raise	188
In evil long I took delight	132
Infinite power, eternal Lord	244
In lands strange and distant	140
Inquire, ye seamen, for the course	5
In the wide waste of water	97
I send the joys of earth away (2d p.)	249
Is it a thing of good report	231
Is there in heaven or earth who can	2
I thirst, but not as once I did	232
<b>JESUS</b> , at thy command	239
Jesus commissioned from above	112
Jesus, how precious is thy name	182
Jesus, lover of my soul	178
Jesus, my love, my chief delight	23
Jesus, I love thy charming name	118
Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace	24
Jesus ! O word divinely sweet	117
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend	155
Jesus invites his saints	267
Jesus, when faith with fixed eyes	270
<b>KINDRED</b> in Christ, for his dear sake	141
Kind Saviour, tune my pow'rs anew	105
<b>LAUNCH'D</b> on a sea where troubled waves	111
Let things unseen attract your eyes	66
Let worldly minds the world pursue	47
Lo ! Christ ascends the sacred height	39
Lo ! what wonders love performs	8
Long have I rov'd and stray'd abroad	22
Look unto me the Saviour cries	131
Lord, and am I yet alive	123
Lord, shall we part with gold for dross	248

Lord, we come before thee now	164
Lord, when together here we meet	151
Lost in a storm of guilt, my soul	216
Lord, at thy table I behold	271
<b>MARK</b> when tempestuous wiuds arise	142
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so	209
My former hopes are dead (2d p.)	48
My sorrows like a flood	43
My times are in thy hand	235
My thoughts on awful subjects roll	51
My thoughts that often mount the skies	52
My Saviour God, my Sov'reign Prince	265
<b>NO</b> more of works I vainly boast	187
Now while the gospel-net is cast	146
Now let our pains be all forgot	268
<b>OF</b> all the gifts thy hand bestows	71
Offspring of thy Father, thou	29
Oh for a glance of heavenly day	106
Oh for a thousand tongues to sing	171
Oh God create my soul anew	150
Oh God whose favourable eye	41
O hear, thou friend of sinners, hear	133
O Lord! I would delight in thee	62
O Lord! my best desires fulfil	224
On life's wide ocean rudely tost	75
O thou, my soul, forget no more	88
O thou of little faith	74
Our little bark, on boist'rous seas	61
Our voyage below, beset with ills	120
O what a cruel wretch am I	7
<b>PITY</b> a helpless sinner, Lord	154
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet	156
Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace	263
<b>RECORD</b> , my soul, thy Maker's praise	169

# INDEX.

291

Rejoice, believer in the Lord	153
Repent, the voice celestial cries	179
<b>SAILORS</b> to Jesus now draw near	26
Salvation, what a glorious plan	184
Salvation's work is done	258
Seamen the God of heaven adore	34
Seamen this solemn truth regard	148
See the world for youth prepares	191
Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts	233
Sinner, the voice of God regard	204
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown	202
Sin when view'd by scripture light	206
Sov'reign of worlds, thy law controls	174
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,	242
Sweet day so calm, so bright	50
Sweeter sounds than music knows	25
<b>TEMPESTS</b> arise when God appoints	99
Ten thousand talents once I ow'd	57
That man no guards nor weapons needs	237
The blessed spirit, like the wind	212
The billows swell, the winds are high	218
The deluge at the Almighty's call	4
The gathering clouds portentous rise	108
The gracious dealings of the Lord	1
The Lord how fearful is his name	103
The Lord how rich his comforts are	91
The Lord receives his highest praise	68
The moon in silver glory shone	144
The moon has but a borrow'd light	145
The moon and stars shall lose their light	215
The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear	123
The sun at length has gone to rest	67
The tower that rises o'er the sea	38
The trumpet of salvation sounds	189
The wand'ring star and fleeting wind	42
The wishes that the sluggard frames	210



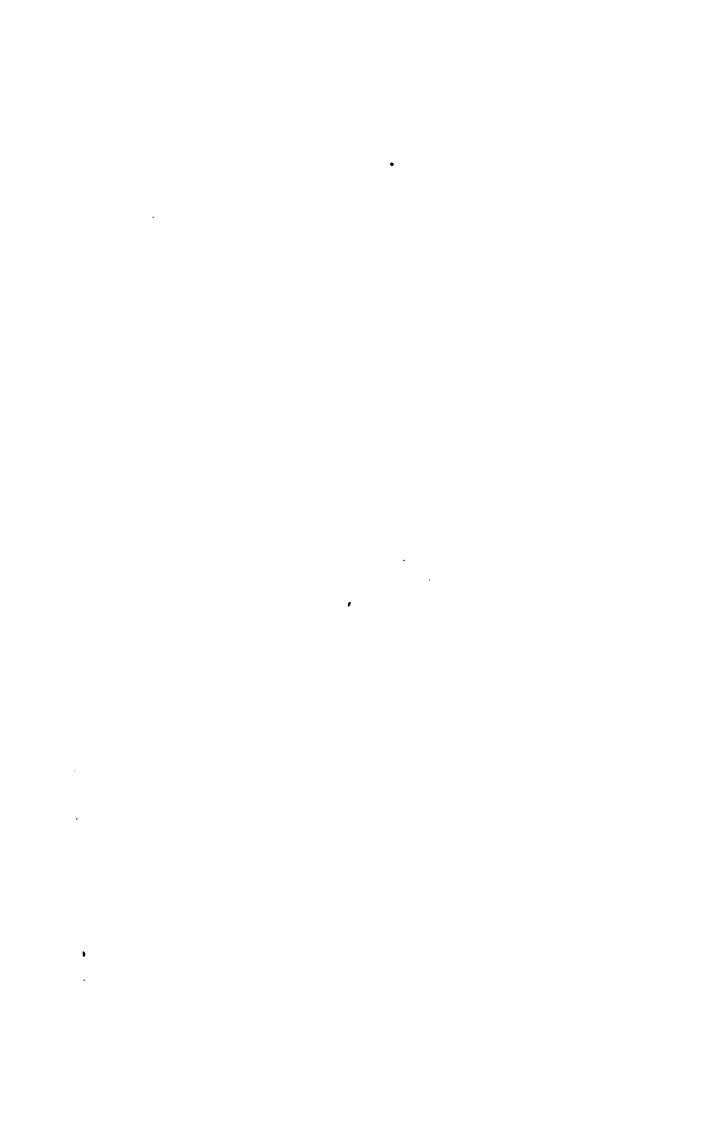
This life's a voyage of strife and storm 1st p.	110
This world is a sea, which never can rest	147
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist	92
Though friends forsake and foes assail	119
Though strong the winds are blowing	90
Though troubles assail, and dangers affright	45
Tho' the morning be serene	221
Tho' winds may blow and storms may rise	113
Thou spring of my joy, and delight of my heart	9
Through tribulations deep	136
Thy glories shine, Almighty God	94
Thy works of glory, mighty God	137
Thy way, O God, is in the sea	170
'Tis past—the dreadful stormy night	219
'Tis religion that can give	259
To die—important thought—to die	56
To heav'n I'm bound with prosp'rous gales	76
To him that brought salvation nigh	257
To keep the lamp alive	223
To Jesus, our exalted Lord	273
'Twas God preserv'd me by his pow'r	168
'Twas when the seas with horrid roar	35
The King of Heaven his table spreads	274
'Twas on that dark that doleful night	266
 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear	 53
Vain world withdraw thy glittering snares	149
 WEAK and irresolute is man	 222
We seek a rest beyond the skies	252
What a wicked wretch am I	185
What means these jealousies and fears	63
What shall I render to my God	230
When a black overspreading cloud	217
When from the bosom of the deep	139
When Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirst	37
When lightnings flash and thunders roll	234
When many a tempest blew	78
When marshall'd on the nightly plain	221

When, O dear Jesus ! when shall I	183
When passing through the wat'ry deep	73
When rocks and when shallows beset us	77
When sinners utter boasting words	101
When storm and tempest loudly howl	82
When swelling Jordan o'er us rolls	54
When tempests howl and billows rise	176
When tumults of unruly fear	31
Where from thy spirit shall I stretch	98
Where should I be, if God should say	49
While journeying through this humble vale	102
Who were the highly honour'd three	198
Why heaves my heart this mournful sigh	65
Why should a living man complain	159
Why will you lavish out your years	247
With contrite hearts, before thy throne	165
With tears of anguish I lament	208
Within these doors assembled now	167
With trembling steps before thy throne	166
Would you behold the works of God	60
YE captive souls in fetters bound	21
Ye fearless seamen, praise the Lord	192
Ye glitt'ring toys of earth adieu	153
Ye mourning saints behold	115
Ye sons of men with joy record	95
Yes, I will love thee, blessed God	135
Yes, Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise	143
Ye that would after Jesus press	236
Ye worlds of light that roll so near	19
Ye wretched hungry starving poor	124














NOV 1 - 1948



